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The Genteel Tradition at Bay. III. By George Santayana, on page 534

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Chaos and Eldest Night

THE ideas which Mr. Santayana has been developing in his penetrating series of essays in this *Review* provoke thinking. The supernatural, as we understand him, is to be regarded as an extension of naturalism and in sharpest contrast to the infranatural, the mere contingency, the chaotic, the disorganized, which lies behind and beyond man, nature, the universe of laws. It is chance; it is, though here some further definition seems necessary, fate.

With the inrush and upsurge of the chaotic, the illogical, and the unorganized, literature has always been deeply concerned. It is Hamlet's problem and Lear's, it was Milton's problem and the concern of every great artist who creates a world more consistent and more explicable, more admirable in its sequences, than experience. Music beats back the insistences of the accidents of sound and triumphs in a fugue over the meaningless progress of mere sensation. Composition is the soul of art.

And yet the meaning of art is to be found in disorder as truly as in order. A book unaware of the unorganized depths may be a clever book and a true book as far as it goes, but it is a book of little vitality and brief life. It is not only the tragedies that portray man holding his visible shape with difficulty in a dissolution of meaning. The great comedies are aware of the chaotic depths, and the madness of a Don Quixote is perhaps more completely human than the shrewd idiocy of Sancho Panza, for in the knight a noble mind still keeps its form in the swirls of dark illusion, while Sancho is too simple to be threatened by the dissolution which threatens all complexity of organized thought.

* * *

In periods of realism especially, such as we have just passed through and are emerging at the further side, sharp reminders of the darkness of infra nature recall us from the complacent study of appearances. The extravagances of German romance, which captured all Europe a hundred and more years ago, were such a reminder. Tieck, Hoffman, and on our side, Hawthorne and Poe, felt that they were expanding experience into dim realms of the supernatural, but it is questionable whether it was not the awe or horror of the formless that hung upon their imagination. Certainly this was true of Poe. In his dream stories the personality disintegrates before your eyes, or is revived by mechanisms that cannot bring back the integrated life. "The Fall of the House of Usher" can be read as the story of the dissolution into chaos of an over sensitive soul, broken up by the violence of its own reactions.

And we shall have, sooner or later, to explain our own artistic eccentricities in the same general manner. Modernism in art clings fast to composition while discarding the representational. But in some modern art even composition as logic knows it is thrown aside, and such paintings must be regarded either as madness, or as sharp reminders of the irrational, the unformed as a factor in human experience. In music, the strange tones of Hindemith are suggestive of realms of disorder conquered and brought into comprehension, but the monosyllabic themes of Copland, worked out by a careful avoidance of all the conventions of harmony are, whatever they mean to their author, to the listener a courageous wandering along the very margin of nothingness.

In literature, the novelists and poets who turn the flashlight upon moments of the stream of consciousness belong in the same category. They are impatient of realism not because a Dreiser, a Hardy, a Galsworthy fails to show life as it is, but because realism seems to them to be growing dangerous in its assumptions, because it seems to forget that its visible world of character and action is only a stream of light in darkness, and seems to neglect the too patent fact that common sense is an artifice which can be sustained only by spiritual tenacity. When the vision fails, the people perish, is true of the infra as well as of the super natural. The most ordered of all worlds conceived of by the creative imagination in our modern centuries was Jane Austen's parish,

(*Continued on page* 532)

Modern Hymn

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

COME, brethren, to the Holy Place
And let us bend with time and space
And high o'er earthly king and queens
Exalt the ministry of Jeans.

Lord, what's the answer to the sum
In thy space time continuum?
And hast thou any use for us,
O calculating Calculus?

For now the Hound of Heaven is hounded
And reason on itself is founded,
And Thou art Thought, and Thought have we
In Testaments of formulae.

Our cymbals are but symbols now;
Thy fields would never suit a cow;
And in thy Heaven, O Architect,
Only electrons are elect.

Forgive us if we find this light
A little dazzling to the sight,
And pardon any burst of song
In the faint hope that Jeans is wrong.

This Week

"Collected Poems of Robert Frost."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Hard Lines."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"Roosevelt: His Mind in Action."
Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN.

"Letters of James Whitcomb Riley."
Reviewed by FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

"Memories and Vagaries."
Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

"Ants" and "The Life of the Ant."
Reviewed by BEVERLY W. KUNKEL.

"Roman Holiday."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Passing of County in England.
By WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

One Singing Faith

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is a debatable matter whether a living poet, still in the flush of creation, should issue collected editions of his work. Apart from the questions confronting the author and the publisher's considerations of the effect upon his individual volumes, there is a psychical problem involved. It is as if, with the bundling of his previous books into one volume, the poet were bidding farewell to his work, presenting it like a *carte de visite* to posterity, and settling back into the more or less easy chair into which a younger generation seems to be urging him. Not all the poets who have put themselves and their books together before the age of sixty have been affected by this implication of finality. E. A. Robinson's "Tristram" appeared some years after his "Collected Poems" was issued. W. H. Davies has monchalantly brought out one "Complete Poems" after another. On the other hand, the work of such different poets as Vachel Lindsay and John Masefield has slackened considerably in force and fertility since their "Collected Poems" presented them so conclusively.

The recent "Collected Poems" of Robert Frost will allow the poet to escape the usual hazards, for, while it represents the author through five books, it gives rise to no premature finalities; it is inclusive, but not conclusive. It will, first of all, give pause to the well-meaning but tabulating critics who have attempted to fit Frost into theory-tight pigeon-holes. It is too comprehensive for a cataloguing epithet. The mind of the man is revealed through a philosophy more lavish than any poet's since Emerson's; the poetry offers itself with a confusing if not contradictory richness.

Here, for example, are the famous "grim" monologues of rural and, particularly, New England life. But do these make Frost (I select a few of the commoner characterizations) "austere," "gray," "realistic as granite?" It would be easy enough to show the inappropriateness of the adjectives by referring to the lyrics. But there is no need of going further than the monologues themselves. An examination of these blank verse bucolics discloses a continual fancy beneath the surface realism, an intensification of the quizzical, a downright intellectual playfulness which has never been sufficiently appreciated. The native minutiæ, the distinctive "tone of voice" in "Mending Wall" and "The Death of the Hired Man," have been stressed, but the appraisers are not so quick to record the blend of friendliness and almost farcical humor of "A Hundred Collars," the self-satirizing extravaganza of "An Empty Threat," the high tragi-comedy of "The Code," the mock gravity which underlines "The Generations of Men" and begins a smaller poem with so solemn a wink as:

> Something inspires the only cow of late.

Let it not be inferred that I am implying that Frost is a humorous poet, or that he is in any way related to the versified, light-hearted farmer who came into being with James Whitcomb Riley and who seems to have gone out with him. Frost is comic in the purest sense, in the sense that his spirit, responsive to tragedy on every hand, is never tragic. He is, as a late lyric declares, one acquainted with the night, but he is not engulfed by it. To the

COLLECTED POEMS. By ROBERT FROST. Limited Edition. New York: Random House. 1930. $15.
THE SAME. Trade Edition. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $5.

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cynicism of the hopeless wayfarer in "The Times Table" he adds a warning that any giving in to the sense of helplessness which tragedy implies, or the lightest affirming of negation, is something in which we dare not indulge,

> Unless our purpose is doing harm,
> And then I know of no better way
> To close a road, abandon a farm,
> Reduce the births of the human race,
> And bring back nature in people's place.

This is to place an emphasis on the philosophy of Frost's poetry and, though it would be a mistake to magnify the thought content at the expense of the technical skill, it is better to stress, even to oversimplify, the substance than to oversubtilize the manner of expression. It is, after all, substance and not novelty or singularity which insures persistence if not permanence; and the substance of Frost's work is by no means as detached as many reviewers of "North of Boston" once held. It is predominantly and unequivocally moral. Here Frost differs sharply from Robinson; he neither celebrates nor is baffled by romantic disasters; he cannot regard the casually blundering world with an epigrammatic shrug. There is something to be learned here, though the lesson is not prodded. An undisturbed didacticism, persuasive though presumably out of fashion, emanates from "A Boy's Will" (most of which was written as early as 1898 though not published until 1913) to "West-Running Brook" (1928), from the early "The Trial by Existence," with its accent of Browning, to the packed metaphysics of the recent "Acceptance" in which Frost's whimsical-wise idiom is complete. But Frost is no rhyming village blacksmith, hammering out a factual horseshoe with one hand and a maxim with the other; the moral is implicit and integral. But the moral is there; it is, in fact, framed in a singing strength.

Mention has been made of Emerson, and here, it seems to me, is Frost's true kinsman, rather than Wordsworth or Virgil to whom he has been related. Both Frost and Emerson lift everything they touch with a warmth of intellectual emotion which never sinks into emotionalism; both employ ordinary material, even their homeliest subjects are treated "on the high." What is also peculiar to the two is their feeling about the ordinary man—nothing as specious as democracy—but the recognition of man's infinite possibilities, irrespective of social or cultural standing. Nothing is impossible to him, for "we have ideas yet that we haven't tried." Another quality common to the two is the mystic's lifelong curiosity "about man's place among the infinities." It is a quality that, like the afflatus of a poem or a religious experience, cannot be argued and needs no proof. It is the convinced and affirming heart that speaks in "Two Look at Two" and "Bereft," that craves "the aftermath of almost too much love" in "To Earthward," that mingles faith and an intimate sort of fooling in "Good-Bye and Keep Cold."

Not that Frost is afflicted with the chronic optimism of the gladness cult; there is as little of Pollyanna as of Pangloss in him. One has only to examine a few of the most recent lyrics to realize that Frost has reached his conclusions only after long inquiry. There is the curious "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," curious in form with its broken blank verse that inclines to brusque *vers libre*, more curious in the tale's relentless progress from one disastrous level to another. There is "The Egg and the Machine," in which Frost satirizes the modern, scientific tendency to exalt the thing made instead of what makes the thing. There is "What Fifty Said," one of the six hitherto unpublished poems, which illustrates Frost's gift for turning the ironic cheek to the greater part of a generation.

> WHAT FIFTY SAID
>
> When I was young my teachers were the old.
> I gave up fire for form till I was cold.
> I suffered like a metal being cast.
> I went to school to age to learn the past.
>
> Now I am old my teachers are the young.
> What can't be moulded must be cracked and sprung.
> I strain at lessons fit to start a suture.
> I go to school to youth to learn the future.

I am purposely saying nothing about the hushed sensibility, the careful understatement, or the conversational pitch which this self-styled "synedochist" uses so uncannily. Nor will I speak of the unobtrusive but native music, although it is a temptation to quote the exquisite "Tree at My Window" as the most memorable lyric since "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." These things are established. If there is need for further comment, it might be conceded that, though Frost cannot be indexed—as he often is—wholly as a pastoral poet, his verse gains with a knowledge of its backgrounds. The lines are so saturated in farm and fireside matters—the technique of piling the hay load, building a chimney upon a shelf, the proper curve of an axe helve, why it is unwise to plant a northern orchard facing south—that their fulness is conveyed quickest to those acquainted with the business of barns and ploughed fields. The reader "versed in country things" will respond to the unostentatious wealth of associations far quicker than the sophisticated city man. The latter, scenting the unusual, will find this poetry quaint and provocative; the former, sharing its intimacies, will find it familiar and immediate.

The only thing lacking is the obvious glamour. This idiom is the very opposite of, say, Humbert Wolfe's later ornate style. Those who seek for the lulling repetition of oratorical (and dead) syllables, for a capitalized (and institutionalized) Beauty, will have to look elsewhere. No first rate artist, not even a tired one, paints the Jungfrau or moonlight on Lake Como. The more "glamorous" the subject, the less interesting is it to him whose sense of wonder is roused by a deserted woodpile, a field mouse, dusty nettles, or a dog starved at his master's gate. Such a man can see the world in a grain of sand and hold eternity in an hour; he can leave something to the imagination—and something, if only an orchard, to God.

It remains to say that there is little difference between the limited and the unlimited trade edition except the rather considerable difference in price. Text and typography are identical. If the trade edition lacks the more imposing gold-topped paper and the autograph of the fifteen-dollar volume, it has—and for ten dollars less—the excellent frontispiece-portrait by Doris Ulmann and an appropriate colophon by J. J. Lankes.

The Funniest Yet

HARD LINES. By Ogden Nash. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

So far as we know Mr. Nash does not as yet occupy "a tastily gotten-up flat in the Ritz Tower," such as he mentions as being the habitat of Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Yet we feel no hesitation in affirming that in these artless lyrics of his Mr. Nash is also "a good wrietor." In case—as doesn't seem possible—any reader has so far missed acquaintance with the casual Muse of Mr. Nash, we may say that, for one thing, he has turned a new trick in light verse with the aberration of his rhymes. This can be quickly illustrated by quoting:

> Introspective Reflection
>
> I would live all my life in nonchalance and insouciance
> Were it not for making a living, which is rather a nouciance.

But there is quite a bit more to Mr. Nash than that. There is his whole point of view, which seems to us so eminently sane and honest that no wonder he has gained a reputation for being a wonderful nonsense-writer. He is as sane, for instance, concerning the "owners of unauthorized chillains," as about the danger to man of "red hot momise." He is honest in proclaiming that he doesn't really like his fellow man very much, that he "should like very, very much to be very, very rich," and that

> When I consider how my life is spent
> I hardly ever repent.

He is right about literature when he avers,

> Philo Vance
> Needs a kick in the pance.

He is right about art when he tells us that the proper attitude to take before a Rembrandt or a Bartolozzi is to enjoy looking at it and saying "Boy; that's pretty hozzi-tozzi!" He is right about people who go abroad, about Mr. Marc Connelly, about the *Vanities*, and about most ministers of the gospel. He is most refreshing concerning people who are always minding your own business:

> And they lecture you till they're out of breath or something
> And then if you don't succumb they starve you to death or something.
> All of which results in a nasty quirk:
> That if you don't want to work you have to work to earn enough money so that you won't have to work.

Then there are his less philosophical and more purely lyrical moments, as in the "Invocation to Senator Smoot," the poem on Admiral Byrd, "Spring Comes to Murray Hill," "Songs for a Boss Named Mr. Linthicum," "For Any Improbable She," "Hymn to the Sun and Myself," and "I want New York." These contain many fine passages. In comparing Odgen Nash to Milton we should have to go over to the Public Library and do a good deal of reading, so we won't compare him to Milton. The great thing about him is that he doesn't really compare with anyone. There he sits, the antic old philosopher, and puts down most anything that comes into his head, most of which is extremely funny and about as good a picture of his life and times as others have spent volumes on. His compact little book, that fits the pocket like an automatic, is both witty and wise. So if you're feeling terrible about the current depression, take a rhyme or two every half hour. We assure you that you'll soon feel ever so much better! And, oh yes, the last poem in the book, "Old Men," is a real poem, a significant thing extremely well said.

Roosevelt's Mind in Action

ROOSEVELT, HIS MIND IN ACTION. By Lewis Einstein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by John Corbin

In a volume of two hundred and fifty smallish pages Lewis Einstein, who served under Roosevelt in a diplomatic post of some moment and otherwise enjoyed his confidence, attempts a portrait of "his mind in action." Even when one finds the result sympathetic and highly intelligent—at times profoundly illuminating—one cannot forget the late Barrett Wendell's dismay at a pupil in composition who wrote a single "daily theme" on The Universe.

It is not merely that Roosevelt's nature was of a fulness and versatility very rare since the Renaissance and perhaps unexampled in the twentieth century. It is not even that his dynamo mind touched our incomparably complex life at so many vital centers in so many crucial moments—inspired it, and drew inspiration from it. The genius in statecraft scarcely less than in the fine arts receives character and color, draws up the major portion of his vital energy, from the deep wells of the subliminal. Especially is it incumbent upon those who knew Roosevelt to adduce such evidence as is still extant upon the standing enigmas of his progress. Just how was this asthmatic weakling wrought into a mighty nimrod and explorer, this Harvard clubman who "impressed his classmates with an undue consciousness of his own social standing" into an idol of the people and an apostle of democracy? To what precise degree was the man who exerted the greatest moral influence of his generation eligible to his own Ananias club?

Hidden also are the springs from which he derived his constitutional thought—which meant his political action and the ultimate tragic defeat of his popular vogue and authority.

* * *

As a recent graduate, "The Winning of the West" enrolled him among the most scholarly of American historians and revealed him as adhering to the republican Federalism of Washington and scornfully opposed to the paradoxical democracy of Jefferson. Those who knew him in the years that led up to 1912 know that it was Herbert Croly and "The Promise of American Life" with its doctrine of "the new nationalism" that paved Roosevelt's way to the initiative, referendum, recall of judicial decisions, and all the rest of the "progressive" program that made it impossible for the oldest and ablest of his associates to follow him, and so sent him to the sidelines in the World War. Yet Mr. Einstein does not mention Herbert Croly or his book and gives no clear account of the transformation of Roosevelt's constitutional theory. From the Federalism of Washington to the democracy of Jefferson and Lincoln is almost as far a cry as from the socially self-conscious Harvard clubman to the rough-riding cowboy of the Bad Lands; yet Mr. Einstein writes: "The lessons he preached were always the same, for his opinions underwent as little evolution as his character."

In one way, of course, that is true. Roosevelt was never a systematic, not even a soundly constructive, thinker. Yet he had a mind of very high order and it was as responsive as his political instinct to the new movements of his time. His political theory doubtless lacked the steadier and more continuous processes of "evolution"; yet it was subject at all times, as was his personal character, to decisive

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mutations—a process which is, in the strictest sense of the word, evolutionary.

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Very illuminating is Mr. Einstein's account of Roosevelt's reaction against the stolid and unimaginative conservatism of the New York plutocracy of bankers and trust magnates among whom he grew up, and his championship of the trust-busters of the West. Mr. Einstein cites the New York *World* as declaring that the United States was never so near to a social revolution as when the young man became President. He might have cited the earlier messages to Congress, which declared that there was a line of cleavage running along the Appalachian mountains which threatened a disruption of the Union. In this conviction lay the secret of Roosevelt's major policies. There can be little doubt that future historians will echo Mr. Einstein's conclusion in this matter:

> Roosevelt's real achievement was inherently conservative, however radical it then seemed to many. Underneath the occasional extravagance of his language and the violence of his denunciation, he upheld the best interests of capital through hacking off the top-heavy bulges in its structure in order to leave it on a more secure foundation.

The prime value of the book lies in its account of Roosevelt's foreign policy and his many diplomatic successes—the field in which Mr. Einstein's contact was most immediate and intimate. It is hard to see how passages like the following—there are several of them—could be improved on for clear insight and felicitous expression.

> The inadequate appreciation given to Roosevelt's diplomatic talents illustrates a common discrepancy between popular estimate and reality. . . . The President's diplomatic achievements contained at least as much of the spectacular as characterized his other public acts. That he avoided all semblance of sensation, and even hid his results, was due to no ambiguity of character, but only to a difference of technique, calculated in each case to serve its purpose. The appeal to the sensational in Roosevelt has been erroneously regarded as an inherent trait in his nature instead of a method meant only to attain a deliberate purpose. No more convincing proof of this can be offered than the complete secrecy which attended his most important diplomatic negotiations. Only many years later, the publication of confidential documents, which by that time had become history, has revealed how steps taken on his sole initiative preserved the world's peace. The enormous prestige he enjoyed among statesmen was gained by a series of successes in international affairs, which deservedly earned this for him, although the most important of his triumphs were known to very few. . . .
>
> It was Roosevelt's merit disinterestedly to have put aside the popular applause to which he was entitled and which he loved. . . . His steps were not particularly subtle nor deep. They were the obvious intelligent steps which a capable man of experience, tact, and good intention, occupying a commanding position, courageous and confident in himself, unafraid of responsibility, and above all a gentleman at heart, would have taken, for only a gentleman would afterward have kept silence.

Main Street, Old Style

LETTERS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. $5.

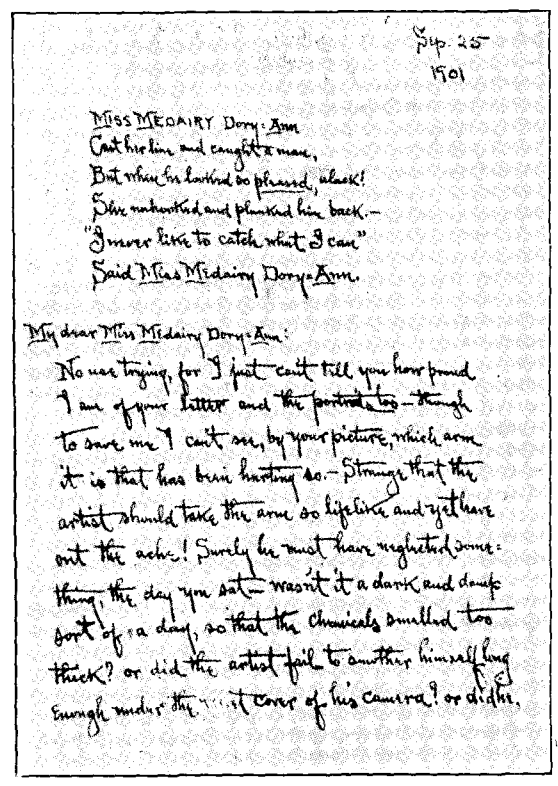
Reviewed by FRED LEWIS PATTEE

IN the year when Sinclair Lewis gets the Nobel prize for literature it would seem safe to predict a small market for a five-dollar collection of Whitcomb Riley's letters edited by a Yale professor, for Riley is as completely a child of the now discredited 'seventies and 'eighties and 'nineties as ever was Howells or Gilder or Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Nothing of twentieth century newness in this lyrical old Hoosier, the sentimental fundamentalist who loved Main Street, and sang the joys and wept the woes of George F. Babbitt.

The vitality of the Riley legend is remarkable. The poetry of the man,—even his friends who knew the lovable scamp personally must admit it,—has little compelling power as one finds it now embalmed in the little volumes so frequent in the old days. Why then this publication of letters,—this second collection of them of late? To print a poet's letters argues him a classic, a literary permanence. And what modern poet can hope for permanence when his work is built completely upon Victorian foundations, when he knows no better than to advise young aspirants to write sonnets: "Read Mrs. Browning's —then study Longfellow's, and be artless and subdued and very tender," and again, to "Study all the Our-kind poets—Keats, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti—and his sister Christina—Herrick the peerless, and Longfellow, the divinely pure and artless?"

The only answer is the present volume. The vital element in the James Whitcomb Riley legend is Riley, and here we have him. After one has read the 335 pages of these letters from his boyhood to his latest age, letters the most of them to persons we know,—to Chandler Harris, Mark Twain, John Burroughs, Howells, Eugene Field, Bill Nye, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Eugene Debs, T. B. Aldrich, Bliss Carman, and a hundred others—kindred souls all of them—many, of the letters signed "Jamesy," all of them in perfect key, artless, sympathetic, overflowing with emotionality, life, high spirits, fun, humor, joyousness—one feels that in all save the physical he has touched the vital Riley. Riley still lives.

An antidote for Lewisism in this Nobel year this hearty volume that makes one glad one is an American rather than be driven to hang one's head. And yet Riley has worked in precisely the same materials as have Lewis and Dreiser and Masters,—western gopher prairie folk, and like them he has seen only people. Never, however, has he made use of cynicism, never of the muck-rake sense of superiority, never of the weapons of criticism, or reform agitation. And as he himself viewed his work he was no sentimentalist: he was simply following Nature. "Ah, my dear Steele," he writes in one of his letters, "you may paint roses, roses, roses, but I will paint the dear


Sep. 25
1901

Miss Medairy Dory-Ann
Cast her line and caught a man,
But when he looked so pleased, alack!
She unbaited and plunked him back.—
"I never like to catch what I can"
Said Miss Medairy Dory-Ann.

My dear Miss Medairy Dory-Ann:
No use trying, for I just can't tell you how proud I am of your letter and the portrait too—though to save me I can't see, by your picture, which arm it is that has been hurting so.—Strange that the artist should take the arm so lifelike and yet leave out the ache! Surely he must have neglected something, the day you sat—wasn't it a dark and dumpy sort of a day, so that the chemicals smelled too thick? or did the artist fail to anoint himself long enough under the [illegible] cover of his camera? or did he

Manuscript of a letter by the poet reproduced in "Letters of James Whitcomb Riley."

old idiots who pursue ideals to the death and chase them into heaven," and to Harris: "Your work is Nature's — exactingly honest — purely human — wholly artless." It was his own demand upon himself as a poet. He saw the same rascals as Masters did or Lewis but always it was with infinite pity. They were, after all, so pitifully human. His "Spoon River Anthology" was compact always of epitaphs in this very human key:

> Sam Hungerford was natchurly jes' ornry—drat his melts!—
> He couldn't pound sand!—ner be learnt how—ner nothin' else!
> And yet, no man was honester to jes' fess-up, like Sam,—
> He never earnt a dollar, ner he didn't give a dam!

One lingers over these multitudinous letters, this amazing Salmagundi of emotion, of "jest human nature," of adolescent high spirits, until one grows into the Riley mood oneself. Not often does Riley think he remembers, he chords, he sentimentalizes, he reflects the glow of those about him. He is conventional, he is of Main Street all compact. His leading demand upon himself he sums up in his advice to another: "Keep always, in all you write, one eye and ear on the audience. Never for an instant forget that it's their pleasure and approval, as well as your own, that's desired." His eye too was constantly upon the times, the fashions, the editorial demands: "In writing for our modern market," he advises an aspiring novice, "avoid most vigilantly all methods and mannerisms of the old writers in old words, phrases, etc.,—for instance, such words as *erst, wa'st, Thou'rt.*"

To me at least, one thing compellingly new comes from these letters: Riley approached his art with full knowledge. He had read the English poets with rare intelligence and his running remarks upon poetic technique—the use of dialect, the art of Poe, the laws of the sonnet, the fundamental requisites of poetry in general—could be combined into a valuable handbook for beginners. Take his reaction to the Cawein boom of the 'nineties. At first he was as enthusiastic as even Howells:

> He does interior country bits exquisitely. "The Bridle-Path," "The Old Farm," with its old orchard—"In the bee-boom and the bloom," and Oriental, opulent vocabulary —chivalric flight, and romantic clean up to concert pitch.

But soon he saw, as ultimately all saw, the inherent weakness of Cawein, and in earnestness he wrote him a letter that should be put into the hands of every young poetic adventurer:

> Don't—don't—*Don't* ever becloud your beautiful ideas by too intricate—too long, or too involved sentences. Pure poetry must be pure—star-clear, or lucid as its reflex in the pool. And don't—don't—*Don't* invert,

and so on and on to, "Poetry should be as direct in statement as prose. You say 'The hornet sucked sap gaunt o' the apricot.' I say he didn't—he sucked sap," and so to the end of the letter.

Everywhere in the letters,—and the fact is really surprising—are critical dicta one is tempted to quote. Note this:

> Bierce edits God, you know, and His Universe; Mr. B. considers its imperfections (all tremblingly submitted to him), as falling very little short of an impertinence on the part of the Deity.

Fortunate is the book in its editor. That Riley had the Main Street contempt for scholars we have abundant evidence. He could add as his highest praise of the work of Joel Chandler Harris that it was "so honorably stamped with the profound neglect of scholars." But Beers and Phelps of Yale he classed not at all in the despised order. They were kindred souls. Never between editor and edited more perfect union. The choosing from what must have been a voluminous mass of correspondence has been done with skill, and as a result Riley the man lives before us. A book of real worth!

Scenes and Adventures

MEMORIES AND VAGARIES. By AXEL MUNTHE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

SOME of the many readers of "The Story of San Michele" will delight in this book for here they meet again, in slightly different dress and in less mature form, their old friends,—Fusco, the Paris street-sweeper, the Salvatore family, Monsieur Alfredo, and Munthe's most beloved and vivid character, Sœur Philomène of Salle St. Claire. Places, too, appear in rapid succession, as they did in the kaleidoscopic chapters of the previous book,—Paris, Rome, Naples, and the delightful Capri. To those, then, who cannot have enough of the restless Munthe, the book will be welcome. To others, only disappointment will be in store and they will, perhaps, be rightfully annoyed at both author and publisher who foist on an ever patient public an old book, first published in 1898 in London, which, long since, as the author points out in the preface, passed "to the common grave of oblivion."

To the reviewer, however, the resurrection seems entirely justified, but not for the reason given by most of the Munthe adherents. He was quite satisfied with the vivid characterizations in "The Story of San Michele" and takes no interest in Munthe's people in their formative stages. With other scenes and adventures at hand, however, he is at once thrilled, as he was at the first reading of the preceding book.

One chapter alone, the story of an ascent of Mont Blanc, makes the reprinting of these thirty-year-old stories worth while. Here we find Munthe at his best; adventuresome, whimsical, even spiritual, he sets aside his good judgment in his keen desire to conquer the old mountain in the dangerous autumn. Few men have been granted the power to write narrative more beautiful. To those who have climbed mountains, or even to a less adventuresome public who only risk their lives, before an open fire, in the pages of a book, this story will appeal as one of the best descriptions of its kind in literature,—Munthe at his height, freed from the almost nauseating sentimentality of the episodes of the Italian organ-grinder or the Paris dolls.

Read whatever you will, then, and enjoy *your* part of the book—as you are bound to do—but only a sickly soul could fail to be inspired by the adventure on Mont Blanc.

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The Viking Age

A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS. By T. D. KENDRICK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

VIKING CIVILIZATION. By AXEL OLRIK. Revised after the author's death by HANS ELLEKILDE. Translated by JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN and HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation and W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by OSCAR J. FALNES

THE Vikings at one time were ubiquitous. On the waterways of Eurasia and the western ocean they wove the network of a far-flung brigando-mercantile empire. Their activities, on one side, lashed the waters of Caspian, Black, and East Mediterranean Seas, and on the other, harrowed the coastal areas of Britain, Ireland, Francia, and Spain. At any time in the ninth and tenth centuries the seas and placid rivers of this crescent-shaped dominion might swarm with Viking adventurers, deploying for trade or plunder. By no means all of their exploits were predatory. Piracy and rapine alternated with honorable merchantry, and in some regions, as in the settlements of the north Atlantic, colonization and orderly life were a part of this stupendous release of energy.

The outburst was nothing short of panoramic and yet it has never been adequately portrayed in its totality. Mawer's little handbook, "The Vikings," was a good brief introduction. Keary's "The Vikings in Western Christendom," an old, standard but unfinished work, carrying the story only to 888 A. D., took up in detail one part of the story. Now Mr. Kendrick, a member of the staff at the British Museum, sets out to treat the whole theme with a thoroughness which it deserves. He has succeeded well. His narrative throughout is reliable, well-balanced, and comprehensive. Like a revolving camera it swings from the White Sea in the Arctic to the Moroccan coast of Africa, from the Caspian in Central Asia to Wineland the Good in America. There are lengthy chapters on Viking operations in Russia, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Carolingian France, with shorter ones on The Faroes, Wales, Iceland, Greenland, and America.

The first third of the book is a masterpiece in condensation. Here Kendrick has compressed in a readable account the monumental work which the last generation of north European scholarship has done in the field of northern archæology, and in Baltic history just prior to the Viking age. He presents results that are refreshingly up to date. Where authorities clash he takes sides but he is not arbitrary; he has been spacious in his recognition of opposing points of view. These qualities are marked also in his closing chapter on America.

There are good sketches of Anglo-Saxon England and the Baltic regions of Beowulf's day. The disputed Geater of the great epic, have been associated sometimes with the Jutes, but Kendrick definitely identifies them with the Goths of Sweden.

On one matter he has been abrupt. He has little to say of any Viking contribution to the social or political life of western Europe. We should like to know what legacy the Northmen left, for instance, in Danelaw England. So far as he touches on the matter, he minimizes Viking influence; Normandy, he says, was Frenchified out of recognition within a century.

But his brevity on this point must not detract from the book's excellent qualities. Among these, there should be special mention of the twenty-eight clarifying map sketches. There is also a good index.

Turning next to the Viking homelands, we learn that there, too, the turbulence of the age upset accustomed ways of living and thinking. Foreign influences made their way to the far north and stirred social life into ferment. How this was reflected in Old Norse literature is the theme of Olrik's "Viking Civilization," a book that was first published a generation ago and translated into German and Swedish. Now at last it is available also to English readers.

"Viking Civilization" is an excellent introduction to some of the outstanding poems and passages in the ancient literature of the North. Olrik seeks to find in that literature a reflection of the Viking's philosophy of life. For the Viking did have a well-knit philosophy. Central to it, Olrik suggests here and elsewhere, was a dogged power of will, a grim conviction that once resolves were formed their consummation must be pursued with a steely consequence. In their fulfilment, the Viking rose to the "pinnacle of existence," but often only in the hour of death.

Olrik was primarily a folklorist. He is, therefore, at his best in chapters on the myth, the ballad, the legend, and the Icelandic saga. "Icelandic Scholars," like the chapter on the ballads, treats of post-Viking developments, and in describing the island republic's intellectual life the author claims it to be without parallel elsewhere in the Middle Ages.

This use of the superlative is an exception. His tone is uniformly one of moderation. It bespeaks admiration for the Vikings while it is aware of their faults. Olrik thinks cruelty and blood-thirstiness may have been on the increase during the period. As a scholar he respects the limitations of his sources and his results are therefore more convincing than those of another Dane, Vilhelm Grönbech, whose more pretentious study of the same material has approached the dithyrambic.

Olrik's treatment is historical. He shows how a myth or legend has grown by accretion, how one stratum of mental life has been deposited after the other in a developing story. Occasionally he illustrates his point by weaving in an interpretation of a classic like "Hávamál" or "Völuspá." Several historic scenes are painted with vivid detail. There is the chieftain's hall where buzz and merriment subside but temporarily while the skald commands respect and silence; or the sacred heathen grove at Upsala with its repellant sight of skeletons hung in the trees,—mute remains of animals and even of humans offered in the sacrifices; or again the blood-sprinkling ceremony near mid-winter night in the temple of the Earls of Lade.

One of Olrik's premises is open to question. It may be doubted if Viking culture ever was as homogeneous a unit as he infers. Were the Vikings so alike among themselves and so distinct from other Germanic peoples? At times the author has his own misgivings. He concedes also that there are some who would not identify mental characteristics as closely as he does with racial types.

The translation is very readable and noticeably free of the awkward word order which clings often to current translations from the Scandinavian. A series of illustrations add to the book's attractiveness. There is a good bibliography of secondary works and an index.

An Allegory for Today

ROMAN HOLIDAY. By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THOSE accustomed to smile a little deprecatingly at the works of Mr. Upton Sinclair may keep their smiles and possibly lose their deprecation if they take the trouble to read his latest story. The striking thing about this yarn is its crispness and lightness of touch. It is amusing and ingenious, and the principal object of the author's satire, a young American "patrician" who represents a sort of dovetailing of Babbitt and Henry Adams, gets a thoroughgoing run for his money.

The conceit on which the story is based is that the American republic may well be standing now just about where Rome stood between the fall of Carthage (see our own Great War) and the murder of the Gracchi, champions of the people's cause. The narrator of the story is knocked senseless in a motor accident and during his several weeks of convalescence from a fractured skull reverts, subconsciously, to his Roman prototype. His motor (he was a manufacturer as well as a crack amateur driver of racing automobiles) becomes a Roman chariot; his family and friends become Roman patricians; his employees, the "Reds," "Wops," "Bohunks," and other undesirables of his New England manufacturing town, fit into their several parallels as members of the Roman mob—in short, the characteristic types and tendencies of present-day America are turned into Roman terms.

This sort of allegory has often been used effectively for humorous purposes, and the gap between the periods compared, leaving, as it does, so much to the reader's own knowledge and fancy, often permits a writer to achieve effects of satire which might be beyond him were he to attempt seriously and in detail to attack the life which both he and his readers are living and with which they are intimately acquainted. Such has sometimes been the result in Mr. Sinclair's case. "The Brass Check," the last of his books which I remember reading, was a good deal spoiled for me, for instance, because I happened to know something about the newspaper and magazine world which he lambasted there, and was put off by minor errors of fact and inferences that were sometimes absurd.

This particular sort of difficulty is dodged by such an allegory as this. Tiberius and Caius Gracchus are a long way from the younger La Follettes. Any resemblance which may be discovered is all to the good from the reader's point of view, and the differences don't bother him. The merit of Mr. Sinclair's work lies in the very real narrative skill with which he makes his jump from Rivertown to Rome; in fact, with which he tells his whole story; in his fairness to the principal character he picks to satirize, and the variety of contemporary matters which he contrives plausibly to bring into his Roman scene.

Pretty much everything, indeed, is there—everything, that is to say, that makes up present-day journalistic controversy. Prohibition and bootleggers, Russia and "Reds," traffic congestion, gasoline stations and hot-dog stands, the "younger generation," the plight of the old-fashioned small farmer, the drift to the city, collective action as opposed to old-fashioned liberty and individualism—these, and all sorts of other things, are very neatly transferred to ancient Rome. Young Luke Faber in the story is not at all a caricature; indeed, he is a good deal more subtly and sympathetically drawn than some of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's later characters. Very likely there were just such fine, upstanding, well-born, and well-bred, if somewhat socially petrified young Romans, and very likely many of our own "best people" resemble them more than most of us usually think.

"Roman Holiday" is a good story—exceedingly clever journalism, and with a neatness of characterization and a narrative skill which makes it something more than that.

Chaos and Eldest Night

(*Continued from page* 529)

but it is not its order that makes it great, but her satirical touch upon its absurdities which makes us realize, as we read, how brittle and how temporal are its fixities. Our modernists give us warnings: the incoherences of Gertrude Stein, Joyce's medlies of sense and nonsense informed by imaginative perception of the subliminal, the brutal assaults upon conventional diction of a Hemingway, the staccato interpretations of a Cummings are perhaps unconscious threats. Unreason presses upon all these and demands expression. They are our ultra sensitives and that is their contribution to art.

Of course if they do not make art, their contribution to its future will be no alibi. Innovators always take chances with immortality, probably because of any three innovations two are quite certain to be bad. The sensitives can seldom keep the nice mean between the infra and the super natural, and this they must do if they are to translate their perceptions accurately into a human tongue humanly understandable. Blake often failed. Shakespeare sometimes.

"Modernism" in art, whatever else it is, arouses an awareness of the realm of eldest Night and Chaos surrounding and impinging upon our man-made culture, calling for infinite adjustments like the wings of Satan as he fell through uncreated space. But the more ardent advocates of unreason and the shapeless should take warning from Hell's gates which, when Sin opened upon the "dark illimitable ocean without bound" of chaos,—

"She op'nd, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

PERHAPS some day some collector will pay us a sentimental visit to the ancient town of Colophon—in Asia Minor—and report what there is of bibliophile interest in the place whose name is so associated with books. Meanwhile, a suggestion to the editors of the *Colophon*, the book-collectors' quarterly: that they get Arnold Genthe's permission to reprint one of the extraordinary photographs he took in the Greek monasteries of Mount Athos last summer. It is a picture of a bearded old monk holding an antique tome and gazing aslant through his spectacles. (Perhaps they were bifocals, which I have been learning to use.) It is a perfect representation of the popular notion of a book collector.

As a matter of fact, insiders know that modern book collectors are often brisk Corona Corona fellows in the prime of sportsmanship, with Shetland plus fours and an efficient secretary to take letters. Their taste in books, as in liquor, is sometimes a bit uninventive, but they will always like things enormously when told what to like.

The Colophon, the bibliophile quarterly edited by Elmer Adler, Burton Emmet and John T. Winterich, has now begun its second year and deserves encouragement. Its novel idea of having the separate "signatures" prepared by different famous printers (both here and abroad) and then bound together, gives the student an interesting synopsis of various styles and methods. For the most part it has avoided eccentricity, and provides an interesting education in graphic design. But most appealing to me is its attempt "to give living embodiment to the emotional excitements and intellectual delights of collecting books." The first year's issues were largely oversubscribed, but it still operates at a deficit. I don't see why I should not remark that a year's subscription costs $15 and can be sent to The Colophon, 229 West 43 Street, New York. I know that I was offered $30 the other day for my set of the four issues of 1930.

Among the articles *The Colophon* has printed one of the most interesting is Francis Meynell's "Some Collectors Read," in the December issue. It is sprightly, charming, and sane. He tells the story of the now famous Nonesuch Press books, and I like particularly his allusion to the revival of interest in John Donne, and on good whiskey and parties for booksellers as a phase of the publishing business.

> The three partners in the concern settled down in a cellar under the bookshop of Francis Birrell and David Garnett in Gerrard Street, Soho, and there tackled the donkey work of book production and the mule work of book distribution. It was an uncomfortable cellar, but a bottle of whiskey and two decks of cards warmed some of its bleakest hours. . . . For nearly two years we continued in the half light of our limited premises, varying the daily task with such occasional diversions as "invoice bees"—parties to which our friends were bidden in order to help us between drinks with the task of writing out invoices, "statements," et caetera.

Mr. Meynell makes many very sensible comments on the limited edition business, and he also tells us of the narrow escape the enterprise had from being called the Pound Press. This was Ralph Hodgson's idea, who had admired Mr. Meynell's father's seventeenth century "pound" (or garth.) Every book, he urged, should weigh a pound and cost a pound. He might have gone on to suggest that they all be written by Ezra Pound; which is why I say it was a narrow escape.

Another very sage remark is that of Michael Sadleir, who says: "In book collecting the prizes fall to birds who know worms when they see them."

For that reason we urge the ambitious bibliophile to keep an eye on *The Colophon*.

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I was heartily pleased by Jonas Lie's comment—as quoted lately in the New York *Evening Post*—on American art collectors who buy nothing but old European masterpieces and bring them to this country. "They are not patrons of art but men engaged in the moving van business." The time to patronize art is while it is alive and kicking. If I were able to buy pictures one kind of artist whose work I should want to buy would be Grant Wood of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Some weeks ago I saw, in the rotogravure section of the New York *Times*, a photo of his gorgeous painting "American Gothic." It was shown at the 43rd annual exhibit of the Art Institute of Chicago, and was purchased by the Friends of American Art for the Art Institute's permanent collection.

It portrays an American farmer and his wife, standing in front of their frame-and-shingle farmhouse. In those sad and yet fanatical faces may be read much both of what is Right and what is Wrong with America. The man's sombre eyes, tight lips, and the knuckled hand on the pitchfork, remind one of Oliver Cromwell. It seemed to me one of the most thrilling American paintings I had ever seen; so much so that I wrote to the Dorr News Service (331 West 14 Street) and spent $3 for a photo-print of it; and anyone else who feels like doing so will be doing more to encourage art than by importing a wagonload of Murillos.

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Another, and very exciting, way of keeping an eye on American art would be to have a look at some of the remarkable photographs of vegetable forms taken by Edward Weston, of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Such subjects as Kelp, Peppers, Squash, Cabbage, Succulents, Egg Plant, Celery Heart, sound unpromising to the ignorant; humorous even; but these photographs might astonish you. Laurence Bass-Becking, Professor of Biology at Stanford University, says "He shows living matter contorted like wrestlers' limbs, fighting the unseen forces of environment." The Delphic Studios, 9 East 57 Street, held an exhibition of Weston's photographs last October, perhaps they still have some. But they would not interest those who only see Art in what they have been taught to believe is "artistic." The photograph of Peppers is as surprising as some of Goethe's *Faust*.

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And still another way to pay tribute to America is to reread *Huckleberry Finn*.

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Potiphar, the famous cat of Kings Bench Walk, the Temple, London, went to the land of eternal mice some while ago, but he is still remembered by many Americans. The most remarkable London puss since Dick Whittington's, his host James Bone would tell you. Potiphar deserves his own little tablet on this turf, so I quote from Mr. Bone's charming article on "Temple Cats" in *Home and Country*:—

> Potiphar was curiously affected by sound. There was a passage in a Beethoven sonata that affected him above all others and when my wife whistled or hummed this passage Potiphar had to come and jump on her lap and put his paw on her mouth and stop the sound. We never knew whether he hated or loved the passage, for he used to purr like a Daimler and yet he tried to stop the sound. He would come from upstairs or outside if he heard it. Some need in his nature compelled him to act like that. One afternoon we were honoured by a visit from Madame Galli-Curci who was immensely interested by the good cat's performance. Would the cat do his trick for her? Of course he would. Very well: and then the diva, seated on a couch in these Temple chambers, gave her first concert to a cat. The main performer however, was tired. He was getting an elderly cat and thought he had done his bit for the day. Still . . . . there was a beautiful lady with such a voice singing his Beethoven passage. Oh, well: very slowly old Potiphar, after rolling over on his back once or twice by way of protest, climbed on her knee, adjusted himself on her lap and sat up with his paw raised. But Madame Galli-Curci's friends thought, properly enough, that no cat's paw, however talented the cat might be, should go near those precious lips, so Potiphar waiting with his paw up was not allowed to complete his act. He didn't seem to care. He was a great cat. Hail and farewell, Potiphar!

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Not untimely, remembering recent remarks about Nobel prize awards, is what Thomas Mann says of his own. I quote from his most interesting *Sketch of My Life* published by Harrison of Paris and distributed over here by Minton, Balch and Co. (limited to 695 copies, at $2.50.) Mann says:—

> The year (1929) was not to close without alarms and excursions. The famous award of the Swedish Academy had, I knew hovered over me more than once before and found me not unprepared. It lay, I suppose, upon my path in life—this I say without presumption, with tranquil if not uninterested insight into the character of my destiny, of my "role" on this earth, which has now been gilded with the equivocal brilliance of success; and which I regard entirely in a human spirit, without any great mental excitement. And just so, in such a spirit of reflective and receptive calm, I have accepted as my lot in life the resounding episode, with all its festal and friendly accompaniments, and gone through it with the best grace I could muster—even inwardly, which is a harder matter. With some imaginative yieldingness in their direction one might derive the most priceless thrills from the experience of being taken up, solemnly and with all the world looking on, into the circle of immortals, of being able to call Mommsen and France and Hauptmann and Hamsun one's peers; but it is quenshing to one's dreamy exaltation to reflect upon those who have *not* got the prize. . . .
>
> It is an unnerving experience, to have come very publicly into the possession of a sum of money—as much as many an industrialist puts away every year and no notice taken of it—and suddenly to be stared in the face by all the wretchedness in the world, which the amount of the figure has stimulated to assail the unlucky winner with claims of every size and kind. There was something indescribably ugly, menacing, daemonic even, in the tone of the demand that reached out to clutch at the much-talked-of money. One saw oneself driven to a choice of two roles: either the mammon-calloused wretch or the simpleton who flings into a bottomless well a sum of money intended for other ends.

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The New Yorker says, in its pleasant Now It Can Be Told way, that Boswell's *Johnson* is "definitely the type of book which you could never imagine anybody reading through at a sitting." That however does not necessarily condemn it. There are several other books in that class; such as Montaigne, or Leaves of Grass, or the Bible.

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The excellent Marchbanks Press (bless its decent legible heart; one of the few job printers that has rarely gone hoolazoola over gadgetty printing and doodlebug art) has reprinted in a pamphlet John Bennett's powerful *Protest of an Oldtimer* which was first published in this review last July 26. What Mr. Bennett was protesting against was some phases of mumbo-jumbo printing and illustrating. If you should want to reread his piece very likely the Marchbanks Press (114 East 13 St.) would send a copy. Better still, reread John Bennett's fine old book *Master Skylark*, illustrated by that king of draughtsmen Reginald Birch.

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W. S. H. suggests that Mr. Daniel Quilter (who is going to autograph 3,000 copies of his book for the Autographed Edition Club) is like Shakespeare at least in this, that he will need thereafter to rest his phalanges on a cushion, as Will does in the Stratford bust.

The Autographed Edition Club is a public benefactor; it has at last effected the final and long-required *reductio ad absurdum* in the autographing game.

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We have occasionally chaffed the Modern Language Association for its ponderous march in the vestiges of the Muse. Therefore we make amend by stating that the December 1930 issue of its *Publications* contains one of the most horrifying and sensational stories in the history of literature. This is Allen Walker Read's paper on *The Disinterment of Milton's Remains*. In 1790 a coffin was dug up in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, which was alleged to be that of John Milton. A group of ghoulish workmen broke open the coffin and for one whole day the curious were admitted to examine the remains for the price of a pot of beer. Portions of the skeleton were carried away and sold on the streets; a newspaper of the time sardonically reported that 104 of the teeth had been bought by curiosity-mongers. Mr. Read quotes a pamphlet by Philip Neve, published immediately after the scandal:—

> Mr. Fountain told me, that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted, until someone hit them a knock with a stone, when they easily came out. There were but five in the upper jaw, which were all perfectly sound and white, and all taken by Mr. Fountain: Mr. Laming also took one from the lower jaw; and Mr. Taylor took two from it. Mr. Laming told me, that he had at one time a mind to bring away the whole under-jaw with the teeth in it; he had it in his hand, but tossed it back again.

Fountain and Laming, Mr. Read tells us, were both overseers of the church, a publican and a pawnbroker respectively. Mr. Read, after careful survey of all available testimony, says the conclusion is inescapable that the remains were actually those of Milton.

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B. R. G. writes: "I have seen, in a bookshop in Hartford, Conn., a queer little book entitled *Homes of the Poets*, by Edward Swift, illustrated with photographs of the residences of Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, etc. Fair enough, but the publisher's imprint is exciting. It says: "Philadelphia A. Edward Newton & Co., 1887." The price put upon the volume was $2.50. Do you think I should buy it?"

It is no part of our province to answer such inquiries, but as this sounds like the long lost and sedulously concealed First Item of the Caliph Newton's codex, not mentioned even by his bibliographer George H. Sargent, we advise our correspondent to spring upon it at any price.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Genteel Tradition at Bay

SUPPOSE we discount as fabulous every projection of human morality into the supernatural: need we thereby relapse into moral anarchy? In one sense, and from the point of view of the absolute or monocular moralist, we must; because the whole moral sphere then relapses into the bosom of nature, and nature, though not anarchical, is not governed by morality. But for a philosopher with two eyes, the natural status of morality in the animal world does not exclude the greatest vigor in those moral judgments and moral passions which belong to his nature. On the contrary, I think that it is only when he can see the natural origin and limits of the moral sphere that a moralist can be morally sane and just. Blindness to the biological truth about morality is not favorable to purity of moral feeling: it removes all sense of proportion and relativity; it kills charity, humility, and humor; and it shuts the door against that ultimate light which comes to the spirit from the spheres above morality.

The Greeks—if I may speak like Professor Norton—the early Greeks, who as yet had little experience of philosophers, sometimes invited their philosophers to legislate for them. Their problem was not so unlike that which confronts us today: in the midst of increasing bustle and numbers, the preponderance of towns, the conflict of classes, close and dangerous foreign relations, freer manners, new ideas in science and art. How did those early sages set to work? In one way, they didn't mince matters: the rule of life which each of them proposed for his city covered the whole life of the citizen, military, political, intellectual, ceremonial, and athletic: but on the other hand, for each city the rule proposed was different: severe and unchangeable at Sparta, liberal and variable at Athens; while the idealistic brotherhood of the Pythagoreans prescribed astronomy and sweet numbers for Magna Græcia. It was in quite other circumstances that Socrates and Plato, Moses and President Wilson came forward to legislate unasked, and for the universe.

I am afraid that even some of those earlier sages were not perfect naturalists. They did not merely consider the extant organism for which they were asked to prescribe, or endeavor to disentangle, in its own interests, the diseases or dangers which might beset it. A legislating naturalist would be like a physician or horticulturalist or breeder of animals: he would remove obstructions and cut out barren deformities; he would have a keen eye for those variations which are spontaneous and fertile, gladly giving them free play; and he would know by experience those other variations into which nature may be coaxed by grafting and watering. In all his measures he would be guided by the avowed needs and budding potentialities of his client. Perhaps some of those Greek law-givers, the Pythagoreans, for instance, had something of the missionary about them, and while full of adoration for the harmonies of nature as they conceived them, conceived these harmonies idealistically, and felt called upon to correct nature by the authority of a private oracle. In this their philosophy, apart from some cosmological errors, may have proved its depths, and may have been prophetic of the revolution that was destined to undermine ancient society.

The only natural unit in morals is the individual man, because no other natural unit is synthesized by nature herself into a living spirit. The state is only a necessary cradle for the body of the individual, and nursery for his mind; and he can never really renounce his prescriptive right to shatter the state or to reform it, according to his physical and spiritual necessities. Even when his spontaneous fidelity causes him to forget or to deny this right, the force of fidelity is at that very moment exercising that right within him. Yet it was an intermediate and somewhat artificial unit, the ancient city, that was asking those early philosophers for counsel; and that counsel could not be good, or honestly given, unless it considered the life of the individual within the walls, and the life of the world outside, only as they might contribute to the perfection of the city.

Morality—by which I mean the principle of all choices in taste, faith, and allegiance—has a simple natural ground. The living organism is not infinitely elastic; if you stretch it too much, it will snap; and it justifiably cries out against you somewhat before the limit is reached. This animal obstinacy is the backbone of all virtue, though intelligence, convention, and sympathy may very much extend and soften its expression. As the brute unconditionally wills to live, so the man, especially the strong masterful man, unconditionally wills to live after a certain fashion. To be pliant, to be indefinite, seems to him ignominious.

Very likely, in his horror of dissipating his strength or deviating from his purpose, he will give opprobrious names to every opposite quality. His hot mind may not be able to conceive as virtues in others any traits which would not be virtues in himself. Yet this moral egotism, though common or even usual, is not universal in virtuous people. On the contrary, precisely those who are most perfect escape it: they do not need the support of the majority, or of the universal voice, in order to fortify them in some shaky allegiance. They know what they want and what they love: the evident beauty of the beautiful is not enhanced or removed by agreement. In its victorious actuality a man's work must be local and temporary; it satisfies his impulse in his day, and he is not forbidden to feel that in some secret sense the glory of it is eternal.

In this way aristocratic people, who are sure of their own taste and manners, are indifferent, except for a general curiosity, to the disputes of critics and pedants, and perhaps to the maxims of preachers; such things are imposing only to those who are inwardly wondering what they ought to do, and how they ought to feel. A truly enlightened mind is all the simpler for being enlightened and thinks, not without a modest sort of irony, that art and life exist to be enjoyed and not to be estimated. Why should different estimations annoy anyone who is not a snob, when, if they are sincere, they express different enjoyments?

Accordingly, a reasonable physician of the soul would leave his patients to prescribe for themselves, though not before subjecting them to a Socratic or even Freudian inquisition, or searching of heart, in order to awaken in them a radical self-knowledge, such as amid conventions and verbal illusions they probably do not possess. Evidently a regimen determined in this way has no validity for any other being, save in the measure in which, as a matter of fact, that other being partakes in the same nature and would find his sincere happiness in the same things. This is seldom or never exactly the case. Nothing is more multiform than perfection. No interest, no harmony, shuts out the legitimacy or the beauty of any other. It only shuts out from itself those qualities which are incompatible with perfection of that kind, there: as the perfect diamond shuts out the ruby, and the perfect ruby rejects the lovely color of the emerald. But from nature, in her indefinite plasticity, nothing is shut out *a priori;* and no sort of virtue need be excluded by a rational moralist from the place where that virtue is native, and may be perfect.

PERFECTION is the most natural form of existence, simply carrying out the organic impulse by which any living creature arises at all; nor can that impulse ever find its quietus and satisfaction short of perfection; and nevertheless perfection is rare and seems wonderful, because division or weakness within the organism, or contrariety without, usually nips perfection in the bud. These biological troubles have their echo in the conscience. The alternation between pride and cowardice, between lust and shame, becomes a horrible torment to the spirit; and the issue in any case is unhappy, because a divided soul cannot be perfected. This distress, grown permanent, probably infects the imagination. Mysterious half-external forces—demons and duties—are seen looming behind these contrary natural promptings; and fantastic sanctions, heaven and hell, are invented for the future, enormously exaggerating the terrors of the choice. Thus while on the whole the morality which men impose on themselves is rational, the reasons which they give for it are apt to be insane.

What is reason? There is a certain plasticity in some organisms which enables them to profit by experience. Instead of pushing for ever against a stone wall, they learn to go round it or over it. This plasticity, even when not under pressure, may take to play and experiment; toys are made which may become instruments; and the use of sounds as signals may enable the talking animal to recall absent things and to anticipate the future. Moreover, many animals mimic what they see; they transpose themselves dramatically into the objects surrounding them, especially into other animals of the same species. This transposition gives a moral reality, in their own spirit, to all their instinctive coaxing, deceiving, or threatening of one another. Their mind begins to conceive and to compare mere possibilities; it turns to story-telling and games; life becomes a tangle of eager plans and ambitions; and in quiet moments the order of merely imaginary things grows interesting for its own sake. There is a pleasure in embracing several ideas in a single act of intuition so as to see how far they are identical or akin or irrelevant.

Such a power of intellectual synthesis is evidently the mental counterpart of the power of acting with reference to changing or eventual circumstances: whether in practice or in speculation, it is the faculty of putting two and two together, and this faculty is what we call reason. It is what the idiot lacks, the fool neglects, and the madman contradicts. But in no case is reason a code, an oracle, or an external censor condemning the perceptions of sense or suppressing animal impulses. On the contrary, in the moral life, reason is a harmony of the passions, a harmony which perceptions and impulses may compose in so far as they grow sensitive to one another, and begin to move with mutual deference and a total grace.

SUCH at least was the life of reason which the humanists of the Renaissance thought they discovered, as it were embalmed, in Greek philosophy, poetry, and sculpture. Socrates had expressed this principle paradoxically when he taught that virtue is knowledge—self-knowledge taken to heart and applied prudently in action. Not that spontaneous preferences, character, and will could be dispensed with: these were presupposed; but it was reason that alone could mould those animal components of human nature into a noble and modest happiness.

But is there anything compulsory in reason? Is there not still liberty for fools? Can reason reasonably forbid them to exist? Certainly not, if they like to be fools: I should be sorry to see reason so uselessly kicking against the pricks. But a naturally synthetic mind (and all mind is naturally synthetic) hates waste and confusion; it hates action and speech at cross purposes; and these instinctive aversions implicitly pledge all mind to the ideal of a perfect rationality. Nobody is forbidden to be mindless; but in the mindful person the passions have spontaneously acquired a sense of responsibility to one another; or if they still allow themselves to make merry separately—because liveliness in the parts is a good without which the whole would be lifeless—yet the whole possesses, or aspires to possess, a unity of direction, in which all the parts may conspire, even if unwittingly.

So far reason might be said to be prescriptive, and to impose a method on all moral life. Yet even where this method is exemplified in action, and life has become to that extent rational, nothing is prescribed concerning the elements which shall enter into that harmony. The materials for the synthesis are such at each point as nature and accident have made them; even in the same man or in the same nation they will be shifting perpetually, so that equally rational beings may have utterly disconnected interests, or interests hopelessly opposed. This diversity will be acceptable, so long as the parties are isolated, like China before the age of discoverers and missionaries; but where there is physical contact and contagion, the appeal must be to war, or to some other form of continued material pressure, such as industrial development or compulsory education: and in such a conflict both sides are apt to lose their original virtues, while the unthought-of virtues of the compound arise in their place.

In another direction the criterion of reason leaves the texture of life undetermined: the degree of unison requisite for harmony may differ in different rational systems. It is perhaps a classical prejudice that all happiness should be architectural. It might be sim-

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III. By George Santayana

ple and, like disillusioned Christian charity, alms for the moment. The finality of the incidental is more certain, and may be no less perfect, than the finality of great totals, like a life or a civilization. A good verse is much more unmistakably good than a good epic. Organization is everywhere presupposed, otherwise there could be no bodily life and no moral intuition: but where the level of intuition is reached, which is the supreme or spiritual level, the dead mass of the pyramid beneath that apex becomes indifferent. Reason cannot prescribe the girth of a man, or his stature; it can only reveal to his imperfect self his possible perfection. On this account I am not sure that the romantic temperament or art can be condemned off-hand for not being organic enough. Why be so pervasively organic? A flood of details and an alteration of humors may possibly bring the human heart as near as it can come to the heart of things, which I suspect is very fluid; and perhaps the human spirit is not at its best in the spider-like task of construction. Contemplation is freer and may be contemplation of anything.

Why is naturalism supposed to be favorable to the lower sides of human nature? Are not the higher sides just as natural? If anything, the naturalist, being a philosopher, might be expected to move most congenially and habitually on the higher levels. Perhaps the prejudice comes from the accident that when one element of human nature is reinforced by a supernatural sanction, and falsely assigned to a specially divine influence, the unsanctioned remainder alone retains the name of the natural. So Zola can come to be regarded as more naturalistic than Shakespeare, because more sordid in his naturalism, and less adequate; and Shakespeare can be regarded as more naturalistic than Virgil, although Virgil's feeling for things rural as well as for the cosmos at large was more naturalistic than Shakespeare's. Virgil is less romantic, playful, and vague: for the ancients poetized the actual surroundings and destiny of man, rather than the travesty of these facts in human fancy, and the consequent dramas within the spirit.

I think that pure reason in the naturalist may attain, without subterfuge, all the spiritual insights which supernaturalism goes so far out of the way to inspire. Spirituality is only a sort of return to innocence, birdlike and childlike. Experience of the world may have complicated the picture without clouding the vision. In looking before and after, and learning to take another man's point of view, ordinary intelligence has already transcended a brutal animality; it has learned to conceive things as they are, disinterestedly, contemplatively. Although intellect arises quite naturally, in the animal act of dominating events in the interests of survival, yet essentially intellect disengages itself from that servile office (which is that of its organ only) and from the beginning is speculative and impartial in its own outlook, and thinks it not robbery to take the point of view of God, of the truth, and of eternity.

In this congenital spiritual life of his, man regards himself as one creature among a thousand others deserving to be subordinated and kept in its place in his own estimation: a spiritual life not at all at war with animal interests, which it presupposes, but detached from them in allegiance, withdrawn into the absolute, and reverting to them only with a charitable and qualified sympathy, such as the sane man can have for the madman, or the soul in general for inanimate things: and of course, it is not only others that the spiritual man regards in this way, but primarily himself. Yet this gift of transcending humanity in sympathy with the truth is a part, and the most distinctive part, of human nature. Reason vindicates insights and judgments which, though overruling those of the world, overrule them within the human heart, with its full consent and to its profound peace and satisfaction. The disillusioned philosopher is (at least in his own opinion) happier than the fool: the saint is at least as human as the man in the street, and far more steadfast and unrepining in his type of humanity.

That the fruition of happiness is intellectual (or as perhaps we should now call it, esthetic) follows from the comprehensive scope of that intuition in which happiness is realized, a scope which distinguishes happiness from carnal pleasures; for although happiness, like everything else, can be experienced only in particular moments, it is found in conceiving the total issue and ultimate fruits of life; and no passing sensation or emotion could be enjoyed with a free mind, unless the blessing of reason and of a sustained happiness were felt to hang over it. All experience can of course never be synthesized in act, because life is a passage and has many centres; yet such a synthesis is adumbrated everywhere; and when it is partially attained, in some reflective or far-seeing moment, it raises the mind to a contemplation which is very far from cold, being in fact ecstatic; yet this ecstasy remains intellectual in that it holds together the burden of many successive and disparate things, which in blind experience would exclude one another: somewhat as a retentive ear, in a silence following upon music, may gather up the mounting strains of it in a quiet rapture. In raising truth to intuition of truth, in surveying the forms and places of many things at once and conceiving their movement, the intellect performs the most vital of possible acts, locks flying existence, as it were, in its arms, and stands, all eyes and breathless, at the top of life.

Reason may thus lend itself to sublimation into a sort of virtual omniscience or divine ecstasy: yet even then reason remains a harmony of material functions spiritually realized, as in Aristotle the life of God realizes spiritually the harmonious revolutions of the heavens. So it is with reason in morals. It is essential to the validity of a moral maxim that it should be framed in the interest of natural impulses: otherwise that maxim would be a whim or an impertinence. The human impulses to be harmonized should not be without a certain persistence and strength; they should be honest, self-renewing, and self-rewarding, so as not to prove treacherous factors in the method of life to be adopted; and this method in its turn, becoming a custom and an institution, should be a gracious thing, beautiful and naturally glorious, as are love, patriotism, and religion; else the passion for living in political and religious union, beyond the limits of utility, would be sheer folly. But there are fusions, transmutations, and self-surrenders in which a naturally social animal finds an ultimate joy. True reason restrains only to liberate; it checks only in order that all currents, mingling in that moment's pause, may take a united course.

As to conscience and the sense of imposed duty, we may suppose them to be the voice of reason conveyed by tradition, in words that have grown mysterious and archaic, and at the same time solemn and loud. In so far as conscience is not this, but really a personal and groundless sentiment, it may be left to cancel its own oracles. Those who have lived in Boston—and who else should know?—are aware how earnestly the reformed New England conscience now disapproves of its disapprovals. Positive blushes and an awkward silence fall on a worthy family of my acquaintance at the least mention of one of their ancestors, who once wrote a terrifying poem about the Day of Doom. Conscience is an index to integrity of character, and under varying circumstances may retain an iron rigidity, like the staff and arrow of a weather-vane; but if directed by sentiment only, and not by a solid science of human nature, conscience will always be pointing in a different direction.

And in what direction exactly, we may ask, does conscience point so impressively in the American humanists, that they feel constrained to invoke a supernatural sanction for their maxims and to go forth and preach them to the whole world? I am at a loss to reply; because I can find little in their recommendations except a cautious allegiance to the genteel tradition. But can the way of Matthew Arnold and of Professor Norton be the way of life for all men for ever? If there be really a single supernatural vocation latent in all souls, I can imagine it revealed to some supreme sage in a tremendous vision, like that which came to Buddha under the Bo-Tree, or to Socrates when he heard, or dreamt that he heard, the Sibyl of Mantinæa discoursing on mortal and immortal love. There is much in any man's experience, if he reflects, to persuade him that the circumstances of this life are a strange accident to him, and that he belongs by nature to a different world. If all the American humanists had become Catholics like Newman, or even like Mr. T. S. Eliot, I should understand the reason.

But can it be that all Latins and Slavs, all Arabs, Chinamen, and Indians, if they were not benighted in mind and degenerate in body, would be model Anglo-Americans? That is what British and American politicians and missionaries seem to believe: all nations are expected gladly to exchange their religion and their customs for the Protestant genteel tradition. I am myself an ardent admirer of the Anglo-American character. I almost share that "extraordinary faith in the moral efficacy of cold baths and dumbbells" which Mr. Bertrand Russell attributes to the Y. M. C. A. Sport, companionship, reading-rooms, with an occasional whiff of religious sentiment to stop foul mouths and turn aside hard questions—all this composes a saving tonic for the simple masculine soul habitually in the service of Big Business; while for the more fastidious, or the more fashionable, I can see the value of the English public school and the Anglican Church, which Mr. Russell thinks mere instruments of oppression. To me—seeing them, I confess, at a more romantic distance—they seem instruments rather of a beautiful integration: none of those fierce darts of intellectual sincerity which Mr. Russell would like, but something voluminous, comfortable, and sane, on a political, conventional, and sporting level.

The senses, which we use successfully in action, distort the objects on which we act, yet do so harmlessly and poetically, because our bodies are quick to understand those perceptions before our minds have had time to consider them narrowly. In the same way understanding relieves a truly intelligent man from fussiness about social institutions and conventions: they are absurd, yet absurdity is not incompatible with their natural function, which may be indispensable. But in philosophy, when ultimately the spirit comes face to face with the truth, convention and absurdity are out of place; so is humanism and so is the genteel tradition; so is morality itself.

The commandment *Thou shalt not kill,* for instance, is given out on divine authority, and infinite sanctions are supposed to confirm it in the other world. Yet the basis of this commandment is not cosmic or supernatural, but narrowly human. It expresses the natural affection of kindred for one another, an affection surviving and woefully rebuking any rash murder; and it expresses also the social and political need of living, within a certain territory, in safety and mutual trust. In its human atmosphere, the thunder of that precept is therefore not hollow; the sharp bolts of remorse and ruin follow closely upon it. But in the cosmos at large, is killing forbidden? If so, the fabric of creation must be monstrous and sinful indeed. The moving equilibrium of things, so blind and inexorable, yet often so magnificent, becomes a riddle to be deciphered, a labyrinth of punishments and favors, the work of some devil, or at least a work of God so contaminated with evil as to be a caricature of the divine intentions. And not in human life only: the ferocity and agony of the jungle and the strange gropings of life in the depths of the sea, become perverse and scandalous; existence seems a disease, and the world a garden of poisons, through which a man must pick his way with fear and trembling, girded high, and dreading to touch the earth with his bare foot, or a fellow-creature with his hand. Had it been the Creator who said *Thou shalt not kill,* and said it to the universe, existence would have been arrested.

When therefore a tender conscience extends its maxims beyond their natural basis, it not only ceases to be rational in its deliverances, and becomes fanatical, but it casts the livid colors of its own insanity upon nature at large. A strained holiness, never without its seamy side, ousts honorable virtue, and the fear of so many enemies becomes the greatest enemy of the soul. No true appreciation of anything is possible without a sense of its *naturalness,* of the innocent necessity by which it has assumed its special and perhaps extraordinary form. In a word, the principle of morality is naturalistic. Call it humanism or not, only a morality frankly relative to man's nature is worthy of man, being at once vital and rational, martial and generous; whereas absolutism smells of fustiness as well as of faggots.

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Books of Special Interest

A Dead Past

ROCKEFELLER: Giant, Dwarf, Symbol. By WILLIAM H. ALLEN. New York: Institute for Public Service. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. ALLEN'S book belongs with the curiosities of biographical literature. It delves into the Rockefeller ancestry and follows Mr. Rockefeller himself from the cradle to old age, but the order of things is about as formless as a book of biography could well be, and chronology is honored more in the breach than in the observance. The search for facts, especially for such as are minute, appears to have been zealous, and the accumulation of data of one kind or another is rather formidable, but it does not appear that much of importance that is new has been discovered. Moreover, in spite of its parade of thoroughness and comprehensiveness the book is essentially superficial. Whole great areas of Mr. Rockefeller's business activity are traversed with but slight or disjointed indication of the facts in the case, and one topic is hardly opened until Mr. Allen jumps to another. It would not be easy to find a better example of a book which can be begun anywhere and read either backwards or forewards quite as profitably as if it were read straight through.

The result, of course, is disappointing, and the disappointment is greater because the reader is led to expect something notable. Five important publishers, Mr. Allen assures us, had a chance to bring out the book, but declined, and he has issued it himself through an organization of which he is head. The reason for the refusals, we are given to understand, was the unwillingness of the publishers in question to put their imprint upon anything that criticized Mr. Rockefeller adversely. "Our financial adviser urges us not to consider such a book," is a quotation from one of the publishers' replies. In view of the eagerness with which some publishers, at least, reach for books which promise savory morsels and seamy revelations, one is at liberty to suspect that the book was turned down not because the publishers to whom it was offered feared the Rockefeller wrath, but because they saw in it exactly what most readers will see in it—a hodgepodge of data and criticism without important novelty, slight where information would have been worth having, and smeared all over with bitterness and resentment.

Just why, at this late date, Mr. Allen should have thought it worth while to drag out once more the manifold sins and wickedness of Mr. Rockefeller's career is difficult to understand save, perhaps, on the assumption that Mr. Allen is a muckraker who has overstayed his time. Sins and wickedness there were in abundance, at least in popular estimation, and the record cannot be changed. If it be true that the age which saw Mr. Rockefeller's activities at their height had few moral scruples, and that what he did on a grand scale was part and parcel of what many others were doing in lesser ways, his performance is not thereby made to appear any less reprehensible nor his personal responsibility any less. What Mr. Allen does not seem to realize, or, if he does realize it, what he seems disposed to regret, is that time has largely closed the old scores. As far as the American public is concerned, Mr. Rockefeller's acts have been condoned; the good which he has done has prevailed to cover with charity's mantle the evil of which he was a part. Moralists may insist that the thing ought not so to be, but the historian can only record the fact. The slimy details that stud Mr. Allen's pages have today, for the vast majority of Americans, only a historical interest; the past has buried its dead.

It is especially to be regretted that Mr. Allen, having set out to explore the Rockefeller past, should not have dug deeper into an aspect of Mr. Rockefeller's career to which he actually devotes a considerable number of pages. That is the administration and effect of the great educational and philanthropic foundations into which so much of the Rockefeller wealth has been poured. Mr. Allen suggests that the men to whom the administration of these foundations has been entrusted have by no means always been competent for the task, that ability and favor have been mixed with guile, and that in education in particular there has been created an atmosphere of dependence, subservience, and fear which accords ill with the demands of scholarship and a free intellectual life. Here is a large field well worth serious and thorough investigation. Mr. Allen merely takes a shot at it here or there, in a desultory fashion which suggests that he has spent much less effort in studying it than he has in discovering the details about rebates on oil, or the undervaluation of Rockefeller property, or the smallness of personal or corporate conduct.

The whole book is of a piece, however, and there is no reason to expect that Mr. Rockefeller, if he reads it, will be robbed of an hour's sleep or driven to abandon a single round of golf. As for Mr. Rockefeller's enemies, the book will read like a dining-car menu—the same yesterday, today, and forever.

America and the Indian

THE STORY OF THE RED MAN. By FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by F. G. APPLEGATE

INDIANS themselves say that they are not red, but that it is the white people who are red. As a matter of fact, there are light brown, dark brown, and nearly black Indians, such as the Pimas and Papagos. Also there are Indians with a yellow tinge of skin, so that most discriminating writers have abandoned the name of Red Man when referring to Indians.

"The Story of the Red Man" is, for the most part, a chronicle of all the Indian wars, with a count of the Indians slaughtered, from the time of Columbus onward until the last Indian had been either killed or sequestered in some out of the way place where it was considered that no white man would ever care to live. The book is mostly made up of abstracts and quotations from documents and publications, and is a valuable work to that extent, for the author has searched through much material intelligently and dilligently and has brought together and connected much history that before was fragmentary and scattered and not to be come at except at great trouble and with much labor.

It is when she departs from piecing together documentary history that Mrs. Seymour is most in error. The author is handicapped at the start by being a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, but she need not have allowed this situation to be retroactive in her case and to have felt that she needed to condone every act of the Indian Bureau and the Government previous to the administration to which she might consider she owed allegiance and support. The author, in the ardor of her defense of the soldiers, militia, and pioneers for the wrongs they committed against Indians, even makes excuses for the perpetrators of such disgraceful massacres as those of Wounded Knee and Sand Creek, and attempts to discredit Helen Hunt Jackson for her truthful exposures of some of these atrocities in her well known, "A Century of Dishonor."

In no place in her book does Mrs. Seymour say that the Government never made a land treaty with Indians, assigning them territory for all time that it did not soon break it, nor does she anywhere reveal that every Indian war was caused by the invasion of Indian territory by whites or by the crowding of Indians off their land onto that of other Indians, often their enemies, and in that way placing them between two fires. In treating of the Apache wars the author does not mention that Mr. Clum, their agent, and others well acquainted with the circumstances have stated that the Apaches would never have gone on the warpath against the Americans if they had not been goaded to it by blunders of army officers and by inhuman treatment accorded them by soldiers and the citizens of the section wherein they lived.

The Taos Indians are accused of plotting with the Mexicans against American rule in New Mexico, while it is generally accepted by historians that disgruntled Mexicans did the plotting and drew some of the Taos Indians into the rebellion by getting them drunk and then telling them that the Americans were planning to take all the Taos land and the women and kill all the men. Dr. Hodge and other eminent and informed archæologists and ethnologists who have made a close study of the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande region have never reached any definite conclusions as to the origin of the Pueblo Indians. All the traditions of these Indians themselves point to their having come from the north, yet the author of "The Story of the Red Man" tells us very definitely that they had their origin in Central America. Dr. Hodge says that the Navajo Indians are probably the least mixed racially of any of the Indians in the United States and that whatever admixture of other blood there may be, it is too infinitesimal to be regarded. Mrs. Seymour states, "The Navajos are less a tribe than a mixed people, a combination of different strains."

In the later part of her book the author draws a gloomy picture of the Indian who has failed to pass under the yoke of our civilization and rhapsodizes over the Indian who has exchanged his birthright for a mess of pottage. Mrs. Seymour has no regrets for any loss of the cultural assets of the Indians of the Southwest if they are submerged, and only wishes to school them in our own culture to the forgetting of theirs. She has an exalted moment when she sees an Acoma Indian earning a pittance with a pick and shovel, mending the road over which she passes in luxurious ease in her motor, and only sees in this a bright augury of the future of the Pueblo Indians when they will all be reduced to the lowest stratum of our social order. She has no realization that these Indians have as long a cultural background as she herself and that they may be capable—if they are not drawn too quickly into the stream of our civilization—with the encouragement of those who have made a study of their art, drama, poetry, dance, and folksongs, of making as valuable a cultural contribution to the world as the author of "The Story of the Red Man."

Penal Treatment

THE STORY OF PUNISHMENT. A Record of Man's Inhumanity to Man. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by MAURICE PARMELEE
Author of "Criminology"

IN his Preface the author states that the publishers requested him to write "a concise history of punishment for crime" and that his book is in no sense a "systematic manual on criminology." These statements, as well as the title, suggest that it is a book on penology. But in the first chapter Professor Barnes describes theories of crime and punishment, and methods of ascertaining guilt including trial by battle, the ordeal, compurgation, torture, the third degree, and trial by jury. In the second chapter he surveys the main stages in the early history of criminal jurisprudence, and in the fifth chapter the reform of the criminal law from 1750 to 1850.

With regard to the jury he asserts that "ninety-nine percent of human history passed without any such institution," and that it is of very recent origin, commencing in late medieval time. This is partly a question of definition. If we mean by a jury a group of citizens other than professional judges summoned to examine the evidence and to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, the jury is a very ancient institution. Under the Mosaic law the elders performed this judicial function. In ancient Athens it was performed by the *Heliastes*. The Roman jury of *judices jurati* had jurisdiction only in civil cases. Among the Teutonic tribes the citizens had the power of judging. The feudal jury was composed of the peers of the accused. The English jury was derived either from the ancient Scandinavian jury through the Danish jury or from the judicial assemblies of the Saxons. In any case, it dates much farther back than late medieval time.

Dr. Barnes criticizes effectively the lay jury and would put in its place a body of experts made up of highly trained detectives, physicians, psychiatrists, sociologists, and criminologists. These experts would be competent not only to decide the question of guilt or innocence, but also to determine the causes of the criminality of the guilty, thus furnishing an intelligent basis for penal treatment.

In his chapters on corporal punishment and transportation the author gives, with the aid of numerous quotations, a good deal of historical information concerning these obsolescent forms of punishment. These chapters are almost solely of historical significance, and have little bearing on present-day problems.

Professor Barnes is at his best in his chapters on prisons, probably owing to his own experience as an investigator of several prison systems in this country. Partly through lengthy quotations from prisoners and other investigators he furnishes a graphic picture of the brutality of the methods used in most of our prisons and of the ineffectiveness of imprisonment to reform criminals and to prevent crime. With this picture as a background he passes on to a penological program based upon scientific data.

"The diagnosis and treatment of the criminal," he asserts, "is a highly technical medical and sociological problem for which the lawyer is rarely any better fitted than a real estate agent or a plumber." Psychiatric methods should be used to determine which of the criminals are non-reformable,

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such as the low-grade feeble-minded, the paretic, and other insane types, these to be placed in institutions for permanent segregation. The reformable criminals should be placed in reformatories where they will be classified and subjected to medical treatment and social reëducation. The officers of penitentiaries and reformatories should be medical men. The less serious types of criminals should not be imprisoned but released on probation under suitable guidance.

Dr. Barnes's program contains nothing new, but gives a brief and lucid outline of many things that progressive penologists have been advocating for several decades. It involves the abandonment of the theory of punishment for social vengeance and for deterrence, which has usually proved to be ineffective, and replaces it with the protection of society as the end of punishment. It calls for the adjustment of penal treatment not to the nature of the crime committed, as has ordinarily been the case hitherto, but to the character of the criminal himself, thus individualizing the punishment. All of this is to be found in the teaching of the positive school of criminology which arose in Italy and France during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The weakest feature of Professor Barnes's book is the impression it gives that the problem of crime can be largely if not entirely, solved by the methods he outlines. Apart from two or three casual remarks, there is scarcely a suggestion of the facts that crime is mainly due to certain economic factors, that the adjustments necessitated by social changes now taking place at a rapid rate inevitably cause a certain amount of crime, and that even in a very stable social order there will always be at least a little conduct directed against that order. In other words, in this book, as elsewhere in his writings, he is inclined to lean too heavily on psychiatric methods, as if criminal behavior were almost exclusively a phenomenon of mental pathology. What is needed most of all at present in criminological research is a careful study of the different types of criminals in order to determine to what extent their conduct is due to psychiatric traits and to what extent to forces in their economic and social environment. The recent sudden increase in gangster criminality, bootlegging, and racketeering in this country could hardly be attributed entirely or even in large part to psychiatric traits.

Dr. Barnes's book fails to accomplish fully any one of several things it might have done. As a historical treatise it is extremely patchy. There is very little about primitive penalties and almost nothing about the classical Greek and Roman periods. The Orient is completely ignored. It comes the nearest to becoming a historical treatise in its treatment of the period beginning with the latter part of medieval time. The historical sections are interesting and readable and sometimes sensational, but do not always give the most important and significant data available.

As we have seen, he denies that his book is a criminological treatise. And yet by touching on so many phases of the subject of crime and punishment the book gives the impression of being a sketchy attempt at a criminology.

As a treatise on penology, it gives at best only a bare outline, and the continuity of the treatment is often interrupted by snatches of historical information and by interpolations of a more general criminological nature. It would have gained greatly in unity and also probably in value for the reader if the author had omitted much of the historical material and given in its place a more detailed and carefully worked out account of his own penological program.

It is customary in such books to give capital punishment more space than this subject deserves in comparison with other phases of penology. In this book the chapter on this subject is the fourth longest out of ten chapters. It demonstrates quite successfully the inefficacy of the death penalty as a deterrent from crime.

Whether or not it was the intention of the publisher and author to make this book another one of the "stories" of this, that, and the other thing which are now so popular, the present reviewer does not know. It furnishes a good deal of evidence concerning "man's inhumanity to man," though by no means a complete record. It should help to popularize a more enlightened as well as a more humane attitude towards the criminal and aid in abolishing the many archaic methods which still persist in penal treatment.

The British Museum has recently acquired the manuscript of Galsworthy's "A Silent Wooing," "Passing By," and "On Forsyte Change." These complete the museum's collection of the Forsyte Saga.

A Sumptuous Work

A PRODUCTION, 1926. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $65.

Rexiewed by GLENN HUGHES

MORE than once it has occurred to me that no other living writer and designer for the theater has had as much artistic care employed in the production of his book as has Mr. Craig. There are, no doubt, several reasons for this, one being the high standards of book-making maintained by the several English publishing houses to whom Mr. Craig has entrusted his work; but another, and I think more important one, the fact that Craig's ideas and designs carry with them always a nobility which is imperative in its demands on the publisher. In other words it would be quite impossible to accept and then treat meanly or commonly a Craig MS or drawing.

The Oxford University Press has risen nobly to its most recent Craig obligation. "A Production" must be, I should think, the grandest theatrical publication of the year. It is a folio volume printed on Van Gelder paper, the text set in handsome type, and the thirty-two collotype plates (a number of them in color) perfectly reproduced.

The production referred to in the title is that of Ibsen's "The Pretenders," made in the autumn of 1926 at the Royal Theater, Copenhagen, with Gordon Craig acting as designer of settings and costumes as well as general advisor to the directors. The occasion of the production was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the début of the brothers Johannes and Adam Poulsen, leading actors of the theater in question.

In his lengthy and graceful Introduction, Mr. Craig recounts the events leading to the production: the sudden and wholly unexpected invitation from the Royal Theatre to participate in the enterprise, the correspondence which ensued, his acceptance, the nature of his reception in Denmark, the character of the men and women with whom he found himself associated, the artistic problems faced and overcome, and finally his personal reaction to the experience. It is all excellent reading—vital with personality and rich in illuminating comment. To one who has followed Craig's career carefully, this book means much more than merely another set of interesting designs for the theater—it means an event. For the Copenhagen venture marked the first time in fifteen years that the greatest theater artist in the world had set foot on the boards of an actual stage! After the Moscow "Hamlet" of 1911, Craig retired to his study, to his dreams, his books, his drawings. After fifteen years (all spent in the theater, of course, but not in any one, actual theater) he was enticed from his seclusion by a simple, honest, sincere letter from Denmark. It was the spirit behind the letter, more than anything, which caught him. Not the remuneration involved, not the geographical location nor the technical equipment of the particular theater, nor the special play to be produced. It was the unaffected nobility and utter sincerity of Johannes Poulsen and his colleagues which drew Craig magnetically from Genoa to Copenhagen. This motive is convincingly set forth in the book.

The reproduced designs are valuable not only because of their intrinsic beauty, but also because, taken together, they give the world a permanent record of a complete experience in the professional life of an important theater artist. Usually there are recorded only the final designs of settings actually employed in a production. In this instance we have all of Mr. Craig's preliminary and secondary sketches, as well as the final ones. And with each design appears a statement explaining the idea behind it, and giving the reasons why it was or was not used in the production. This is the right method of recording artistic labor. It lets us into the process of creation. Applied to the work of an inferior designer it would, of course, add boredom to failure; but with a major artist it illuminates success.

I shall not presume here to give any detailed account of Gordon Craig's design for "The Pretenders." To those who know his work it will be sufficient to remind them that Ibsen's massive historical piece offered ample scope to his imagination, and to those who do not know his work (such persons exist, I fear) it can be said that a study of the present volume will surely lead them to investigate his previously published work, which, in its entirety, represents the chief contribution made to the modern theater by any one person.

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A definitive collection of his shorter work, including a number of new poems. Uniform with *John Brown's Body*, $2.50

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STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Published by DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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An unconventional invitation to 638 Readers of The Saturday Review of Literature

Are there six hundred and thirty-eight readers of The Saturday Review of Literature *who can be lured by the mere suggestion of* Dreamy Rivers?

Are there six hundred and thirty-eight subscribers to whom the very words are magic?

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Will one and seven-tenths per cent (.0176) of the clientèle of this magazine even consider *this unconventional invitation?*

The Inner Sanctum *has no way of knowing the appeal of* Dreamy Rivers, *but it is sufficiently romantic to hope for the best, and sufficiently adventurous to risk this advertisement.*

As these lines are written, the stock-room reports an inventory of six hundred and thirty-eight copies of a book by HENRY BAERLEIN bearing the title *Dreamy Rivers*. Only a thousand copies had been imported from England, for here was a book difficult to classify, impossible to chart—obviously aimed only at the elect, the blessèd, the fancy-free. Let the librarians beware: this mixture of high gipsy imaginings and indiscreet memorabilia from the last seacoast of Bohemia cannot be card-indexed. It is part novel, part essay, part traveller's tale richly hued with the Romany strain.

Dreamy Rivers!

"A name like that sings through the body."

Dreamy rivers, gay winds, uncomprehended longings . . . Dreamy rivers, moon-lit roads that wind around the heart, unschooled violins drunk with joy . . . Dreamy rivers that never find the sea . . .

"It is no dishonour to be mad," muses one of the wanderers in this tale. "On the contrary, the person who is altogether sane is unbearable." The sleek and the respectable, the logical and the smug, will not be able to follow *Dreamy Rivers*. They will not understand the little things that are tremendous. They will be puzzled by people who in this year of grace "get up every morning and hunt for happiness." They will be astounded by strange souls who on inheriting a home immediately make a hole in the ceiling so that they may watch the stars. In fact, they will doubtless be shocked and sore distressed by some of the tender and unsanctioned proceedings that take place on the banks of these *Dreamy Rivers*.

The book is just beginning to be discovered. "In sober real countries like England," writes CLEMENCE DANE in the *London Book Society News*, "chamber-maids don't abandon their work on the spur of the moment to go on a walking tour with a casual guest; the coming of a tourist is not an event; bishops and mayors don't offer him lifts; and poets and beautiful women do not attach themselves to him as a matter of course. But all of these things happen in this wonderland of Europe. *Dreamy Rivers* is a delicious book."

Dreamy Rivers, then, is the book which *The Inner Sanctum* of SIMON AND SCHUSTER is quixotically reserving for the first six hundred and thirty-eight dreamers of dreams who will be daring enough to accept this unorthodox challenge. They are invited to send their wind-swept orders, with $2.50 in coin of the realm, to their favorite gipsy book-seller, or, if he be wandering along his own dreamy rivers, directly to the publishers, who when these lines appear, will still be found, alack aday, safely moored at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THERE are not very many younger Western poets today who remain in the west and also build up a growing reputation for themselves. But there is at least one, and he is Howard McKinley Corning who hails from Oregon. Four years ago Harold Vinal published Corning's first book, "These People," and we commented upon it then. Now his second book, "The Mountain in the Sky," is brought out by the Metropolitan Press of Portland, Oregon. There were good character studies and there was good description in the first book. It was forthright and sincere work. But in this second volume we suddenly come upon such an arresting and original poem as "A Drift of Oregon Bluejays," and say excellent.

Undoubtedly Mr. Corning has learned from the work of Robert Frost; but there is no modern American poet who has taught more younger men than Frost, we do not mean directly, but through their perusal of his work. But the influence is not obtrusive. And when Mr. Corning gets to his historical documents he has characteristically Western things to tell us, such as:

. . . McKenzie Pass, as the day blew out
In a gulf of wind on a wash of blue,
Opened to let the desert shout
And a ghostly caravan go through. . . .
Cattle with horns of sunset gold,
With flanks of bronze and hooves a-plod,
Pushed noses eastward into the cold,
Labored along by the urging prod
Of a weary herdsman. "Hi! Hi! Hi!"
Joaquin Miller comes out of the sky!

One doesn't have to be an Oregonian, one merely has to be an American to get sort of homesick at that, for what has New York, really, to do with America?

And the pack-rats in the old house that acted like squirrels or ghosts. Here, of course, is the type of episode Frost likes to make use of, but it is obviously description of actual experience. "White Burial," to be sure, is entirely too near a certain definite one of Frost's lyrics. Mr. Corning's memory has betrayed him. But the atmosphere and scenery of most of the poems is entirely of Mr. Corning's own country, the episodes recounted things that actually happened to him, the impressions put down, just what was seen and heard. The following may serve as example of this:

Talk, talk frogs!
Beat with your metal hammers.
Soon the night mother comes hushing your
choral rune,
While the pheasant and the grouse
Lie nested with the brookmints and the
bracken;
And the dogs of the starry hunter
Measure their misty trail to the salt foam
of the sea.

There is more than a hint of Edwin Arlington Robinson in the title of "Candary's Door," and "The Dark Friends" remind us of that poet. On the other hand "Deacon's Dobbin and His Two Paradises" is about as original a little poem as one could find, successfully fantastic. Mr. Corning has certainly not yet put forth his full strength, and he will shake off entirely his two influences, but already he has been able to get the characteristics of his own part of the country on paper, and that is a good deal. He makes us feel Oregon.

"The Collected Poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson" appeared from Macmillan in 1929, and now a new book of poems, "Hazards," from the same prolific English poet, dedicated to Robert and Elinor Frost, also comes before us. Gibson has written a great deal and on the whole very well. What it is he lacks that fails to put him as a poet on a par with Masefield it would be difficult to say, just as there is a quality in the work of the late Edward Thomas that makes him actually a better poet than either. There is something about Gibson's work that is too intentional. We look at the portrait prefixed to the Collected Poems and it illustrates what we mean. It seems too intentional also. It is the face of a poet, and yet Sherrill Schell has so arranged the head against the sky as to give it a theatrical quality. Gibson's poems have not often a theatrical quality, but they often give the impression that he has said, "Go to, I will represent the sociological spirit of my time," which he began by saying before the Great War blasted us out of many ideas and killed his friend, the poet, Rupert Brooke. We do not mean that Mr. Gibson is insincere or that his pictures of people are not often true pictures and deeply felt. It is simply that the search for material seems sometimes too evident. Yet in twenty years Gibson has accomplished a solid body of work that directly expresses all that he has found in life and he has found a great deal. What he writes of an unnamed poet is true of him:

So much he had to say,
Such crowded news he gathered by the way,
That his tongue stammered, struggling with
a sense . .
Of the unutterable opulence
And unimaginable magnificence
Of every day.

He has sympathized with the common people and written of them in a way that sometimes suggests the prosiness of George Crabbe and sometimes Crabbe's unquenchable interest in common life. But that is by no means all of Gibson. "Beware the pedestal;" he says to poets, "and keep your feet Familiar with the common earth—"

Veil not your soul in vague and baffling
verse:
Obscurity is not profundity:
Rather, O poet, let each poem be
A crystal through which all may see
Your soul's integrity.

He has tried to observe that rule, and at the same time he has seen life in various color and in many-sided drama. His versification is able, though he almost utterly lacks magic. He gives us significant vignettes of people and full length portraits of people with the sure touch of an accomplished short story writer. We read him chiefly for his stories, though they have none of the deep, ironic bite of Hardy's stories in verse. They are sometimes made too explicit. When he speaks of himself or his own he voices right attitudes and convincing emotions that we do not remember in particular words. There is something a great poet does with language that Gibson never does. The phrase does not leap out at one. The manner of expression is workmanlike, the work was worth doing, the idea we get of the man behind the work is most likable. But we are never swept off our feet. Perhaps because Gibson's own feet are all too solidly upon the ground. He is the last, practically, of the brilliant Georgian group so disrupted by the Great War. He is to be admired. But we cannot put him among the best of that group even though he writes dextrously.

Richard R. Smith has imported two open-air books of poems from England, the first being Will H. Ogilvie's "A Clean Wind Blowing," with illustrations by J. Morton Sale, the second Captain Edric G. Roberts's "Hunters' Moon," with eight colored pictures by Gilbert Holliday. Both poets have written of the hunting-field. But this present book of Ogilvie's does not so specialize. He sings simple songs of the Border countryside. It is all rather pleasant journalism. It bears little relation to poetry, much to the magazine verse of some twenty years ago. Captain Roberts interests slightly more because he makes use of the episodes of the hunting-field and conveys some idea of the fun of riding to hounds. His book is an excellent book to put on a hunt club table. He is not so good as Whyte Melville but bears his won credentials as bard of the meet.

Another book of poems from Richard R. Smith is "Pass, Stranger," by Mrs. Peyton Mackeson, full of a great deal of stereotype. It is like a thousand other fairly well written books of poems with nothing really to distinguished it. This is a fair example of the sort of thing:

NOCTURNE

Like silver bees
The Stars swarm in transparent space,
The myriad stars of Him whose face
Shines like a sun above dark trees.
Night moving like a wheel of gold,
Moon shadows flowing on the wold,
And the deep offertory of seas.

That is really pretty bad, we regret to say!

The Ibero-American Student Federation was organized by the First Ibero-American Student Congress that has just adjourned in Mexico City following a two week session. The congress was attended by delegates from virtually every Latin-American republic and from Spain.

A Letter from Canada

By William Arthur Deacon

THE current season, which is a fruitful one, has produced no outstanding volume of poetry, but two first rate novels have emerged from the drove of lesser fictions. The increasing national consciousness in letters is stimulated by Professor V. B. Rhodenizer's "A Handbook on Canadian Literature" (Graphic), the first treatise on the subject to be at once comprehensive, readable, brief, and judicious. He has had the unacademic courage to deal emphatically with contemporary work, claiming supremacy in the novel for the sombre but by no means silent Swede, Frederick Philip Grove, and berating Mazo de la Roche for her levity and lack of "realism." That restriction of critical sympathy, which drives him to this choice between the tragic and the comic genius, is the only flaw in a valuable book.

Miss de la Roche's contribution, "The Portrait of a Dog" (Macmillan), is an engaging biography of her favorite pet, Bunty, now dwelling in the happy hereafter that awaits good little dogs. Some regret is expressed that even so charming a document should be allowed to break the "Jalna" series of which the third volume is finished, and will appear next fall. This complaint comes almost wholly from those who have not yet seen the book. All who have read it, like it. It is beautifully done; and differs from most animal stories in being tenderly reminiscent without pretense on the author's part to anything like full understanding of canine psychology. This objective treatment is good. That the whole reverie is addressed to the dog itself, through the recurring "you," while pleasantly original in the opening pages, loses novelty and effectiveness with each repetition.

Frederick Philip Grove's "The Yoke of Life" (Macmillan), by contrast, is the weightiest and finest of his books, being a novel of power and, in short, his masterpiece. Architecturally, it is far ahead of his autobiographical "A Search for America"; while in breadth, depth, subtlety of perception, and literary finish, it surpasses his "Settlers of the Marsh." Since the themes are identical, the only logical comparison for "The Yoke of Life" is Hardy's "Jude the Obscure." The Canadian parallel, however, is not an imitation, since Grove, when he wrote it, had never read a line of Thomas Hardy.

A peculiar figure has barged over the sidelines into the center of the Canadian game. Maurice Constantin-Weyer was for twelve years a farmer in Manitoba. He dropped everything in 1914 to rush to his native France to enlist. After the war he returned, viewed the sad remains of his farm, and hurried back to Paris to turn author. His literary career began with his capture of the Goncourt Prize last year for his first novel, "A Man Scans His Past." It was in the Goncourt tradition, with everything eliminated except a bare plot-outline and a stark, semi-featureless landscape for background. The setting was Canada, but only as Canada might be seen through French eyes, and strained through a French passion for abstraction.

This amazing man has this year, in "A Martyr's Folly" (Macmillan), written a novel which is as thoroughly native as his former story was alien. It is a novelized biography of Louis Riel, the chief "rebel" of the Canadian Northwest Rebellions of 1773 and 1885, whom all good Orangemen are taught to hate and despise. Mr. Constantin-Weyer's lively narrative does belated justice to the leader, whom the half-breeds of the Red River Valley worship as a patriot. With compelling simplicity, the author portrays the public-spirited and bewildered youth, who was only fitted for command by reason of the hopeless incompetence of his kinsmen. The dispute was over ignoring the squatters when the Hudson's Bay Company was selling what is now Western Canada to the Dominion Government. Riel, though ill equipped to bargain against a man as able as Strathcona, won some consideration for his people and full rights for the Roman Catholic Church; but when the English Protestants of Ontario demanded a victim, Riel was deserted by his friends, and hanged as the result of a political-judicial-religious murder conspiracy.

Among several first rate war books, George A. Drew's "Canada's Fighting Airmen" (Maclean) is the most spectacular; yet I hesitate to include it as the record is so nationally flattering. It takes the form of sketches of the careers of our ten leading aces. In August, 1914, less than one hundred British planes were fit for service. At the armistice, 22,171 were in commission, engaging 30,000 men, of whom one-third were Canadians. The official score for enemy planes destroyed shows Bishop and Gollishaw ahead of all other British pilots; and with Barker and MacLaren, these four Canadians rate among the ten best fighters of all nations.

Public questions have drawn the attention of Canadian authors as never before. The problem of where to bestow her foreign trade is uppermost at the moment. Stephen Leacock deserves a decoration for bravery in connection with his "Economic Prosperity in the British Empire" (Macmillan). No Canadian government could last a week if it acted on his suggestions, turned autonomous Canada back into a crown colony, run from London, for the benefit of the English manufacturer. Besides little things like guaranteeing the British national debt, Professor Leacock would have Canada absorb England's surplus population at the rate of two million head a year. Intended seriously, the book cannot be taken so, but belongs with the "Nonsense Novels."

Those fragments of speeches, however, which constitute Lord Beaverbrook's "My Case for Empire Trade" (Macmillan) are not to be laughed off. The newspaper baron of Canadian birth begins his program for increased inter-Empire trade by showing that it is Britain's move first, and proving that she will best benefit her home industries by taxing foreign food imports, with the object of giving preference in the Liverpool market to Dominion wheat and cattle, in exchange for the coal and steel trade of Canada. This is virtually what the Canadian and Australian premiers have just offered the British government, whose acceptance would mean a tremendous shift of dominion purchasing-power away from the United States.

Master Jourdain

UN ANIMATEUR DE LA JEUNESSE AU XIIIME SIÈCLE. Par Marguerite Aron. Paris: Desclée de Brouwer. 1930.

Reviewed by Alice Mammelsdorf

THIS book is the first volume of the collection "Temps et Visages" (Periods and Personalities) which is being brought out by the publishing house of Desclée de Brouwer. It is extraordinarily successful in recreating a whole period, and what a period it was. Here we have the thirteenth century of the universities, aflame with scientific and philosophic curiosity, waging eager warfare against every form of heresy and ignorance. Renaissance before the Renaissance! A christian Renaissance which moulds the theologians and renews faith and thought in the youth of the schools through the teaching of the mendicant orders. Here we have the Paris of Philip Augustus and of St. Louis, with its theological Studium, its turbulent universities; here is Bologna teacher of jurists; Oxford with its students of every nationality. Against this background stands out the powerful, gentle, and yet enigmatic face of the Blessed Jourdain of Saxony, *maitre es arts*, of Paris, later preaching brother, and General of the Preachers after St. Dominic from 1222 to 1237.

Is he to be identified with the other Jourdain-Jordanus Nemorarius—the greatest mathematician of his times, who anticipated modern geometry and statics? Probably the two personalities are in reality but one.

Master Jourdain is also an indefatiguable traveller. His journeys from Paris to Bologna, from Rome to Oxford, from Naples to the Holy Land form one of the chief attractions of this book, substantial and yet full of variety, which in the last chapters depicts the true nature of this great teacher as that of a saint and mystic.

This work is an account, written with the layman in view, yet sufficiently learned to satisfy scholars, of the university and religious life of the Middle Ages.

According to a despatch to the New York *Times*, under a compulsory State insurance law for journalists which was enacted on Jan. 1, 752 newspaper men already have reported to the Czechoslovak authorities that they are entitled to social insurance payments. In the event of disability journalists may draw a minimum annual allowance of 1,200 crowns, an amount corresponding roughly in American coinage to $36. Widows of newspaper men receive minimum payments of 6,000 crowns and orphans 3,000 crowns.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE OUTLINE OF ART. Edited by SIR WILLIAM ORPEN. Putnam. 1930. $4.50.

The judgment implied in any encyclopedic work is most clearly expressed in distribution of space. Here the present work, which we now have compressed into a single clumsy volume, makes no favorable impression. Premising that the survey is chiefly confined to painting, art from Cimabue to the end of the seventeenth century claims a little more than a third of the total space. Of the remaining two-thirds nearly a half is devoted to British painting. This misconception of the scale means that the brief treatment accorded to the renaissance and the baroque is thin and often perfunctory, while frequently inexact. To write a history of art without so much as mentioning Masaccio is in its way a triumph of elimination. The pages devoted to the art of the nineteenth and twentieth century, the latter portions contributed by Mr. Frank Ruther, are, while offering little that is distinguished as criticism, written from first-hand experience and agreeably. For the student who is not primarily interested in British art, the book is chiefly a too bulky picture gallery.

A MINIATURE HISTORY OF ART. By R. H. WILENSKI. With a Chapter on American Art by EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL. Oxford University Press. 1930.

Mr. Wilenski, already favorably known for a book on modern painting, has achieved the miracle of compressing a general history of art into some eighty small pages. This has been possible, as he admits in a preface, only by treating the form of the work of art as determined by circumstances. These circumstances he endeavors to epitomize, in the main leaving out the artist and the work of art. Of course, this results in a rather bare oversimplification. The history is of the spirit of the various ages. The degree of determinism implied is shown in Mr. Wilenski's treatment of Modernistic Art. Expressionism is the last wiggle of a dying Romanticism. Constructionism is demanded by a mechanized civilization and is the only valid and modern art now possible.

In the remoter centuries one may carry off such *dicta* unchallenged. But, in the here and now, have the skyscraper and the tractor become a central and engrossing interest, have these inventions radically changed human nature? With characteristic good sense Mr. John Sloan has recently denied that we are "living in a machine age." The issue is at least open. It is perhaps the defect of Mr. Wilenski's attitude that no issues are open at any time. It is hard to see who will profit by an analysis which gives equal certitude to the painfully obvious and to the entirely problematical. However, the student will find his account in the Appendix, which contributes a select list of objects in American Museums, illustrating quite broadly the history of Art.

Fiction

MITSOU. By COLETTE. Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $2.

The success of "Chéri" seems to have led a number of people, including her publishers, into searching for something else of hers capable of withstanding the rigors of translation. The search has not been too easy, what with the censorship here, the extreme fragility of Colette's prose, and the rapidly changing fashions which have made some of her books seem quaintly outmoded. The first fruits of this search are presented to us in this translation of "Mitsou," which is not half the book that "Chéri" was, but is still worth having for itself.

"Mitsou" is, in fact, Colette's war book, though one might never think so from the title, suggestive of perfume and Japanese variety performers. It is the very sketchy history of how a French music hall star called Mitsou (how she got her name is one of the best things in the book) falls in love with a lieutenant home on leave, thereby disturbing the well-ordered routine of her life completely. As pathetic in its way as any of the grander epics of the war, it demonstrates how completely helpless the human being faced with such weighty words as Love and War can be, even though he may be ignorant of the one, and deliberately refuse to pay attention to the order. As might be expected, Colette has done the thing in just the right way, without underlining the decidedly Gallic climax of the affair too strongly, without sentiment, and especially without once trying to be profound about it. The letters written by Mitsou to her lieutenant are alone worth the price of the book, though they were quite obviously written not by the character but by Colette herself in an inspired moment, to show the superior craft and strength of purpose which any woman can display in a duel of wits with a man. Jane Terry has done the difficult job of translating Colette's inevitably right French into at least readable English.

GREAT OAKS. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

Trees with wide-spreading branches and moss swinging long and mysterious; a shelving beach where the sea pounds; narrow inlets that wander in leisurely twists far through the jungle of palm and oak and holley; the fragrance of magnolias, azaleas, and a cloud of honeysuckle bursting into bloom—this is the land that Mr. Williams writes of, a world secluded from the rest of mankind, where "young men found dreams, and old men found gentleness and peace." It is one of those beautiful islands off the coast of Georgia, that within its own narrow compass has witnessed all the changes in the slow-moving south.

In a series of dramatic tales the author sketches its history of three hundred years, each tale a good short story, each character a portrait that might well hang in the halls of southern romance. The holy man, kneeling on the sands, with Indians peering out from forest shadows; an old Chevalier sipping his Madeira and gazing far out over *the ocean toward a horizon which hides his native France*, while blacks croon before their cabin doors; the hard-faced planter, slave-drivers, builders. . . . And over all the spell of soft twilights, and the whispering of great oaks festooned with their Spanish moss. It would take an outsider, a Northerner, let us say, or a Frenchman or a Scotchman such as Mr. Williams has written about, to be so apperceptive of the island's beauty and languor.

Never once does he drop into the mere telling of facts. If there were research—and there must have been—it doesn't stand out like a sparsely covered skeleton. One feels no library notes here, nor retold old wives' tales. Imagination and a deep romantic feeling have made real people emerge from the shadow of the oaks. . . . The trees still stand; the sea still pounds. The island itself remains a retreat into all the beauty and gentleness of the past.

A SATURDAY LIFE. By RADCLYFFE HALL. Cape & Smith. 1930. $2.

Is there an unlimited stock of early Radclyffe Hall novels written before "The Well of Loneliness"? "A Saturday Life" is the third to be reissued in the wake of that successful volume. Like the other two, it is relatively slight but is not uninteresting and possesses certain merits lacking in the later work. The title is derived from an Oriental legend to the effect that one's seventh incarnation on earth is a rehearsal of the main experiences of the preceding six lives, a kind of retrospective summing up of the cosmic week, in which the reincarnate spirit, sevenfold talented, has yet so many memories to revive that it cannot anywhere achieve concentrated mastery. A "Saturday life" is, at least outwardly, always a talented failure.

Sidonia Shore, Miss Hall's heroine, is apparently destined for such a career. She becomes successively absorbed in dancing, sculpture, and music; makes a brilliant beginning in each with a great show of creative power and then, each time, loses interest and leaves her tasks unfinished. But at the end she baffles fate by making a happy marriage and bringing a bouncing baby into the world. This is Will Durant's celebrated recipe for the solution of all philosophical problems, but, some way, however convincing it may be to the proud parent, it leaves the outside world skeptical. In fact, it is difficult to believe that Miss Hall herself ever took it very seriously. Sidonia on her matrimonial Sabbath is much less interesting than on her unfulfilled Saturday, and the transition is made too abruptly to be convincing.

Miss Hall, writing today, would have a firmer grasp of her central theme and would choose one more congenial to her talent. On the other hand, when she conceived "A Saturday Life" she wrote more simply and directly, without her irritating later mannerisms. Sharper detached glimpses of life have now been succeeded by a larger, more unified vision, but a less vivid one.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

THE coöperation of readers of this department is requested for two special commissions. *M. R. P., Detroit, Mich.*, owns a log lodge in Maine on the shore of Lake Phillips: dense woods of Norway and Maine pine, spruce, oak, and soft maple are around it, boulders and big rocks all about, and one particularly big one just in front. This lodge needs a name, and the Guide, who has been asked to add this crowning feature, hastens to divide the responsibility. If you recall a "Faery Queen" quotation that haunted this column not long ago, you may remember that a lodge not unlike this was named Port of Rest, out of the lovely lines:

O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the Port of Rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paines and wearisome turmoyle.

I kept these lines, emblazoned in typescript upon a bit of notepaper, affixed by thumbtacks to the entrance of my bookroom, where it seemed somehow spiritually to fit. There it remained till we were packing to move to Morningside *via* a storage warehouse for the summer. For this interval it was necessary to put the books into boxes, and one of the mysteries of physics is the small number of books that will go into any one box. One night as I sat upon the floor embedded in chaos and with my mouth half open upon a vow never again to own more than one dozen volumes of any description, I saw something small and white come fluttering to my feet. It was the motto, which had decided the time had come to assert itself, broken loose from its moorings, and done its best to recall me to my better self. So I have put it up again, I hope this time to stay for a long while, on a shelf in the room in Morningside where my main stock of books is housed, the room fondly known as The Brain Cell.

By the way, as Port of Rest is taken, how about Hetherward?

The second call is for books or periodicals on the technique of training fleas. A reader in a Soldier's Home wants to go into the business, and all I can tell him about is newspaper articles on the flea circus of Fourteenth Street, New York, where they tell me the trick has been handed down through several generations of the same English family.

J. C. M., Taiku, Shansi, China, is returning to America by way of India, where he will stay six weeks or more. He asks for a history, not necessarily "popular," to give a comprehensive and intelligent view of this subject; for books on India's art and literature; and for translations of poems or novels by native writers.

THIS adds a few more titles to lists recently printed: "The Oxford Student's History of India," by V. A. Smith (Oxford) must be repeated; it is now in its twelfth edition, revised. "Mahatma Gandhi's Own Story" (Macmillan) is necessary, and I would get the large and comprehensive work, "Living India," by S. Zimandi (Longmans, Green). Waldemar Bonsels's "Indian Journay" (Boni) is one of the best travel books, acceptant rather than critical in tone and rich in color. Compared with it, the latest travellers' tales—those of Maurice Dekobra in "Perfumed Tigers" (Brewer & Warren)—seem shallow enough, but partly because he makes so little attempt to see beneath the surface; he gathers a number of picturesque superficial details and permits them to stand without interferences. Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Visit India with Me" (Dutton) takes an American friend over the country, reviewing art and philosophy by the way; it would make a good introduction for this visitor, who will also take an interest in Romain Rolland's "Prophets of New India" (Boni), studies of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. Most of the books on Indian art are large and expensive, but there

(*Continued on next page*)

"Beauty studs his pages like stars the heavens"—New York Sun

The Realm of Matter
Book Second of "The Realms of Being"
by George Santayana

"The pages of 'The Realm of Matter' are filled with rugged life, woven consummately into language; their illuminations, shaft by shaft, raise a vision of substantial reality steeped in Rembrandtesque shadow and glow."
206 pages. $3.50 —New York Times.

Just Published

The Dynamic Universe
by James MacKaye
Professor of Philosophy, Dartmouth College
A modern philosophical conception of the universe and a penetrating critique of Einstein's notions and ideas — well-reasoned, authoritative.
302 pages. $3.50

Pre-War America
The New Volume of "Our Times"
by Mark Sullivan
"A complete delight."—*Chicago Tribune.*
563 *pages, 200 Illustrations.* $5.00

Lone Cowboy: *My Life Story*
by Will James
author of "Smoky," etc.
"A book to treasure." —*New York Times.*
With 60 illustrations by the author. $2.75

A Roving Commission
My Early Life
by Winston S. Churchill
author of "The World Crisis," etc.
"As interesting and exciting a story as could well be imagined."—*The Bookman*
370 *pages, 28 illustrations.* $3.50

On Forsyte Change
by John Galsworthy
Nineteen stories of the Forsytes.
"Rich with the best of Mr. Galsworthy's genius." —*Times (London).* 285 *pages.* $2.50

Jeb Stuart
by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.
author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc
"One of the finest military biographies in many years." —*Boston Herald.*
Illustrated by the author. 502 *pages.* $5.00

In Our Time
by Ernest Hemingway
With an introduction by Edmund Wilson
Fifteen stories by the author of "A Farewell to Arms."
"If you've missed it, you missed some of the finest writing he's done." —*The New Yorker.*
213 *pages.* $2.50

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Hence in this case there is more justification than usual for the republication of what are, on the whole, inferior works, that run, a little breathlessly, on the heels of a best seller.

WOMAN UNDER GLASS. By VIRGINIA HERSCH. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

In this novel, Virginia Hersch, author of the much praised "Bird of God" dealing with El Greco, has produced another work fictional in form but biographical in substance, recounting the life of St. Teresa de Avila. As the title implies, it is the woman rather than the saint with whom the author is concerned. She makes much use of Teresa's diaries but also supplies the atmosphere of decadent medievalism and domestic intrigue which form their background. In Miss Hersch's volume Teresa's early reading of romances, her repeated illnesses, her exacerbated sexuality, her physical charm, her neurotic fondness for the confessional, her religious ecstacies, her fiery courage, all fuse in a personality which has the quality of some strange hothouse flower.

Miss Hersch's style, a little cloying and over-sweet, throws about Teresa the sensual lure which she seems to have possessed in actuality. Without going into the weedy paths of psycho-analysis, the author makes prominent the fleshly ardors of Teresa and the difficult process of their sublimation. This is one part of Teresa's story, and Miss Hersch has told it well. But there was another side to the Spanish saint to which she has hardly done full justice. The heat of Spain is here, but not the aridity of Spain. The cutting edge of Teresa, her sharp, thin, bladelike essence, seems curiously blunted in "Woman under Glass." That hers was at times a lush mysticism can hardly be denied, but equally, at times, she did attain the white light. Her garden was not merely a disguised Armida's Bower but also a Terrestrial Paradise. Miss Hersch's Teresa is emotionally fascinating; the real Teresa was also intellectually interesting.

SPANISH LOVER. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. Scribner's. 1930. $2.

On October 7, 1571, the combined fleets of Spain and Venice, with Don John of Austria as commander-in-chief, met and defeated the Turkish fleet at Lepanto; this was the end of the last major Turkish threat against Christian Europe. A good many readers are familiar with G. K. Chesterton's poem, "Lepanto," which is a vigorous eulogy of Don John's leadership. Now Mr. Spearman, in this historical novel, tells of the first twenty-five years in Don John's life, dwelling especially, and in admiring detail, upon the action at Lepanto. We could well do without much of the preliminary material; for, though it does throw light on Don John's character, it is drab, sluggish reading. Indeed, the first two hundred pages are uninspired and machine-made, but after that the narrative picks up and Mr. Spearman puts his heart into his work.

The facts of Don John's life are followed faithfully through 1571. After Lepanto the novel ends, and properly, because that was the climax of Don John's fortunes; the exploits of his remaining years were less spectacular and less glorious. We need not inquire too closely concerning the historical truth of the two love affairs which Don John is represented as carrying on. Such things are the inevitable decorations of the normal historical novel, and here they are neither better nor worse than usual. "Spanish Lover" should be read for its stirring account of Lepanto, not for its value as a narrative.

The end papers are attractive maps of Don John's wanderings and of the naval details at Lepanto. An unfortunate slip on one of these maps, however, allows Don John's dates to be given as 1747-1778, rather than two hundred years earlier.

ROBERT PECKHAM. By MAURICE BARING. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

In the course of a long and more than ordinarily varied career Maurice Baring has tried his hand at almost every kind of literary work. He has written travel books, essays, plays, parodies, poetry, both his own and translated from the many languages he has mastered, and finally many novels. This author, who has been war correspondent in Russia during the Russo-Japanese war as well, has perhaps been almost too versatile and fecund to secure a permanent success. Confronted with the list of his work, the reader is apt to set him down as a gifted amateur rather than a creative artist, for the obvious reason that any man so productive can scarcely have found the time to be profound. In a way this estimate of Mr. Baring's work is correct, since, admirable as is everything he has done, it is too often without vitality or real contact with life. His people are nearly always well to do and well educated. One cannot remember a shaft of really sharp satire or bitterness in this books, nor a single character who is essentially a vulgarian. In addition there is a certain monotony of plot and personality in all his novels. His heroes and heroines, disappointed in love and in their ambitions, nearly always suffer in silence until the last quarter of the book, in which they turn to religion for consolation, dying fortified by all the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is no disparagement, perhaps, of so good a story as "Robert Peckham" to say that it is, for anyone who has read Mr. Baring's other novels, a familiar tale, since, while as an observer and narrator Mr. Baring has few equals (which is why he made so excellent a war correspondent), yet as a student of character he is less interesting. His Catholic hero, sorely tried by his wife, cheated of his real love, is also unable to obtain much consolation from a church rent by the feuds and persecutions which attended the birth in England of the Anglican communion. In the end, despite his loyalty to Queen Elizabeth, whose counsellor he is, he is forced to leave the country, to die in exile at Rome. Mr. Baring always sees the lives of his heroes so completely that either a very long book, or (as in this case) a very hurried narrative must result. Fortunately, he is the possessor of a style calculated to remain simple, expressive, and dignified under all conditions, so "Robert Peckham" remains a readable though somewhat incomplete and unsatisfying book. The great intelligence and high motives of its author are indisputable, but for the best of his work one must turn to the much more characteristic picture of modern life which he gives in "Cat's Cradle." And when all is said and done, the very best Baring will probably be found not in his novels but in the books of travel, which are among the few authentic records of what the English gentleman thinks about in this distressingly ungentlemanly century.

DOMNEI. By *James Branch Cabell*. Illustrated by *Frank C. Papé*. McBride. $5 net.

THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG GIRL. By *Virginia May Garcia*. Chicago: Privately printed.

A STORY TELLER'S HOLIDAY. By *George Moore*. Liveright. $3.50.

CORSAIR. By *Walton Green*. Doubleday, Doran.

Pamphlets

HISTORY AS SYNTHESIS . . . AND THE HIGH SCHOOL. By *Aksel G. S. Josephson*. Published by the Author. Fairhope, Ala. 25 cents.

GENOESE SHIPPING IN THE TWELFH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES. By *Eugene H. Byrne*. Cambridge: Mediæval Academy of America.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE IN ENGLAND. By *W. W Laurence*. Columbia University Press.

DEBUNKING SCIENCE. By *E. T. Bell*. University of Washington Chapbooks.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE IRELAND FORGERIES. Harvard University Press.

AS BETWEEN FRIENDS. By *Barbara Birkhoff*. Harvard University Press.

POETICAL INTOXICATION. By *William Nickerson Bates, Jr.* Harvard University Press.

THE LOG OF THE PILOT. By *Tenney Frank*. University of North Carolina Chronicle.

THE AMERICAN HIGH CHEST. Metropolitan Museum of Art. 25 cents.

JUSTICE FOR ORGANIZED WORKERS. By *Louis Kirshbaum*. P. O. Box 200, Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poetry

WHITE NIGHTS. By *Jessie Lemont*. Portland, Me.: Mosher Press.

TSCHEMINICUM. By *Donald Burnie*. Missoula, Mont.: Merriam. $1.25.

THE METERS OF ENGLISH POETRY. By *Enid Hamed*. Macmillan. $3.25.

RESTORATION VERSE. Chosen and edited by *William Kerr*. Macmillan. $2.25.

ABDUL. By *Armistead Keith Baylor*. Privately printed.

APRIL PLOUGHING AND OTHER POEMS. By *Clarence Sharp*. Madison, N. J.: Country Bard.

KENYA. By *R. C. Thomas*. London: Elkin Mathews and Marrot.

IN THE SEASON OF THE YEAR. By *L. C. Bromley*. London: Elkin Mathews and Marrot.

POETRY AND THE ORDINARY READER. By *M. R. Ridley*. London: Bell.

SONNETS IN LORRAINE AND SONGS IN CALIFORNIA. By *Alfred Fritchey*. P. O. Box 395, Brentwood Heights, Calif.

MAGDALEN AND OTHER POEMS. By *Anne Arrington Tyson*. Knickerbocker. $2.

REST. Edited by *Ralph Cheney* and *Jack Conroy*. London: Studies Publications.

LACONICS. By *E. R.* Ottawa: Overbrook Press.

MARSE LEE. By *Edna Davis Romig*. Dorrance. $1.50.

WINE DARK LEA. By *Helen von Kolnitz Hyer*. Marshall Jones.

THE DIVINE ROMANCE. By *Fulton J. Sheen*. Century. $1.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

is a little one, "Indian Painting" (Oxford), by P. Brown, author of one of the large and scholarly works. This traveller must start too soon for a long list of translations: I suggest the "Panchatantra," translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur Ryder (University of Chicago), and a selection of the works of Tagore: here he will find plays of importance both for philosophic content and for local color—my own choice would be "Chitra" and "The Post Office"—and even a novel, "The Home and the World." If there is to be but one Tagore book, the choice should fall on his love-songs to God, "Gitanjali," and I hope he takes also "Sadhana," a study in the realization of life according to one type of Oriental idealism. Macmillan publishes the works of Tagore: Dodd, Mead now publish in one volume the three books of verse by his fellow-worker, Sarojini Naidu (or Nayadu), under the title "The Sceptred Flute"; this has an introduction by Joseph Auslander.

M. R. E., Philadelphia, Pa., asked for suggestions for two books to be given as prizes in competitions, one for poetic compositions, the other for prose.

FOR the prose, Katherine Mansfield's "Novels and Novelists" (Knopf), reviews written in 1919-1920. Here is criticism applied to the fiction of its day; for some of these novels the day has passed, while a few have still at least a hope of lasting, but to both types she brings patience, insight, liveliness, and dignity. For the poetry, the anthology "Lyra Americana," made by Alfred Kreymborg to accompany his admirable history of American poetry, "Our Singing Strength." Both are published by Coward-McCann, and together they would make a fine prize. They did, indeed, for these recommendations were taken and I hear well fulfilled the purpose of the award.

R. E. T., Greenwich, Conn., asks if the Ayot St. Lawrence edition of the complete works of Bernard Shaw is important enough to break through a grounded distaste for buying books in sets, and if the Colophon *would be a work for a lay person interested —as a beginner—in collecting beautiful books.*

YES, to both questions. The English edition of the complete Shaw was so rapidly oversubscribed that I cherish an undying gratitude to the noble Briton who let me buy his set and bring it home for exactly what he paid for it, as a gesture of international amity. The prefaces alone would justify buying the set, especially those of the earlier volumes, while no one with a Shavian turn should lose a chance, if he can afford it, to own "Immaturity," his first novel, to be found in print only here. The American edition has portraits, too, of unusual interest.

As for the *Colophon*, no one with a love for beautiful books could resist it. I notice that the *Fleuron* is out, the final number, and word comes that on the English side of the ocean it is completely sold out and the prices already on the rise. It is impossible not to grow soft and slightly choked in turning the pages of the final *Fleuron*—so beautiful a self-imposed task and so beautifully brought to a close—and the tailpiece, an engraving by Eric Gill of Stanley Morison's hand, gently but firmly closing Volume Seven, touches the very center of this sentiment.

Mrs. Jeannette Cyr Stern, Librarian of the Letterman General Hospital, U. S. Army, San Francisco, sends me information so valuable I must share it:

Like all your faithful readers, I preface my remarks with the statement that I turn to your page first when opening the *S. R.* I felt many pangs of sympathy on reading your comments on "western stories of the better class." I, too, have a blind spot for these "good, clean, outdoor stories." But, alas, my public demands them, and I supply them.

We have our Hospital library collection divided (the fiction, I mean) in three sections, following the famous precedent set by Gaul: western and outdoor stories, mystery and detective stories, and just plain books. We have some 900 western stories, and about 1000 mystery and detective stories. This arrangement makes it so easy for the librarian to point, with pride, when some one asks for a good western story, to the thirty-five shelves filled with them.

Just a word about the stories of William Patterson White, who writes only too infrequently. His "Cloudy in the West" is one of the most popular books in the library, with all sorts and conditions of men, soldier and veteran bureau patients, nurses, and ordinary civilian employees. Sheba Hargreaves has written two or three good western novels. "The Cabin at Trail's End," her first, is her best. Evarts and Coolidge both manage to get a great deal of interesting historical material in their novels, without sacrificing action. Lee Sage's "The Last Rustler" is vouched for by patients who have themselves "rustled" and who have known Sage. Ogden, Seltzer, Spearman, and Sabin are all perennially popular.

The western story fan is easy to please and does not demand the "latest," as does the detective story fan. In many instances he looks with scorn at the latest and prefers to reread old favorites.

If you should be asked: What do sick people read? do tell them that they read just what they do when well. We are continually replacing our Dreisers. Dostoievski, Tolstoy, Krassnoff, are always out. Plato, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche lead a very active life. Our two copies of Plato's dialogues each circulated twenty-four times during the year. We have Spengler's monumental work, four sets of Wells's "Outline," and many, many popular psychologies, to say nothing of two shelves of "crime" books.

But here are a few books that I have given to many, many sick women, who want something light and yet not trashy, as they say, rather apologetically, poor things.

The three Alice Grant Rosman books, especially "Visitors to Hugo"; Miller's "Colfax Bookplate," that nice bookstore mystery; the Susan Ertz books; Hueston's "Birds Fly South"; Forrest Wilson's "Rich Brat." None of these is new, but they are guaranteed innocuous.

We have started, in our medical library section, a shelf for semi-professional reading. You are probably aware of the recent trend in criticism of the medical profession, both in periodicals and books. On this shelf we have, among others: Will Rogers's "Ether and Me"; Goldberg's "Is There a Doctor in the House?"; Harper's "Merely a Patient" (our commanding officer had this read by all the doctors on our staff); Stewart's "Sanatorium"; Hillyer's "Reluctantly Told". North 3-1's "Pick Up the Pieces"; Symons's "Confessions, a Study in Pathology"; Macy's "Night Nurse"; Haggard's "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors"; Ashton's "Doctor Serocold." Not all of these contain criticism of the profession, of course, but they all deal with the relations of patient and physician. I almost forgot Fishbein's latest, "Doctors and Specialists."

This is a long meander from western stories! Again I thank you for all the information and inspiration you dispense; may your column never grow less, and your tribe increase.

The request of E. S. K., Middletown, N. Y., for studies of insanity like that of Jane Hillyer, comes appropriately after this.

"SHUTTER of Snow," by Emily H. Coleman (Knopf), is the nearest to "Reluctantly Told" (Macmillan) that we have had since this report. It is a novel made from actual experience of a young woman under treatment at a state hospital for exhaustive psychosis after the birth of a child, recorded in modernistic style. The best study of a life's mental tragedy that I have read is "The Stricken Deer," by E. C. Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill), a deeply understanding record of the life of Cowper that manages to keep a cheerful quality in spite of its subject matter; it has just won an important literary prize in England, and I don't wonder. J. R. Oliver's "Foursquare" (Macmillan) devotes one of its sections to records of seismal experiences with cases of mental trouble. The psychological complications sometimes attendant upon tuberculosis are featured in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf), so vividly indeed that I wish highly suggestible readers would keep away from it, and in Donald Stewart's "Sanatorium" (Harper).

M. H. W., Woodman's Point, asks where to find pictures of authentic costumes of men of wealth and fashion in Venice in the eighteenth century, to be used with the women's costumes illustrated by the charming dolls of that place and period in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Also, who made and dressed these dolls?

FRANCES LITTLE, assistant at the Metropolitan, tells me that the best source is the paintings of Pietro Longhi, whose work illustrates Venetian life of the eighteenth century: reproductions of his work may be found in the book "Pietro Longhi," by Aldo Rava (Collezione de Monografie Illustrati, Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafice, 1909). Photographs of paintings of Longhi owned by the Museum are at the Information Desk there. I may add that women owe to Longhi those bicorne and tricorne hats lately prevalent, though no one seems ever to put them on with the right rakishness, the sort that infers a mask. I looked in vain for Longhi in the excellent popular work "Venice and Its Art," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan), to be read at home or taken to Italian galleries as an informative companion; this book pauses on Tiepolo, having brought the city's history from a refuge on the lagoons and its art from the building of the first St. Mark's, and leaves both before the frivolous Pietro came on the scene.

The dolls mentioned were made by a New York sculptor and the costumes, of Cheney silks, are the work of Mme. Pulliche.

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Points of View

The Vestal Bill

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Your editorial in the issue of December 27th advocating passage of the Vestal Copyright Bill seems to ignore the fact that there are two elements in the bill, in no necessary connection with each other.

One element makes possible the entrance of the United States into the International Copyright Union, and thus affords full protection both to American authors abroad and to British and foreign authors in the United States. You are quite right in holding that there can be no question whatever about this element. Of course it ought to be approved.

But the bill also contains a very serious attack upon intellectual freedom and the literary development of our country. I refer to that section of the bill which, except under regulations that are practically prohibitive, forbids the importation even of single copies of the British editions of copyright books of which there is an American edition manufactured in the United States. If the bill is passed without the removal of that section, then, to say nothing of current books, all the noble and highly prized English editions of the modern English classics up to a time fifty years after the death of each author will apparently be denied entrance into the United States practically as though they were pirated publications. Such a measure would really seem to cap the climax in unwise and reactionary legislation. Do we want to put this kind of Chinese wall around our country?

J. GRESHAM MACHEN.

Philadelphia.

As to the Copyright Bill

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The Authors' League in attempting to bring about a revision of our Copyright Law, have undertaken a task the complications of which can hardly be appreciated even by those who realize how much of a nation's productive activity is dependent on copyright laws. If, this time, the effort is successful it will be the climax to nearly a century of agitation.

The Vestal Bill for General Copyright Revision (H. R. 12549) will probably be before the House on Monday, the 12th. Opposition is not great, but it does not take much to divert the House from so theoretical a subject as copyright, even though it underlies so vast an amount of business. Congressman Busby of Mississippi, who led the oppisition in June, believes that all copyright is a curtailment of the rights of the people; publishers of music who handle the composer's rights of public performance are against any change for present law; during the past week an association of the managers of radio stations, who do not wish to pay for music or literature used in their programs, put their arguments into the hands of every Congressman. This eleventh hour opposition can do much damage.

The question of whether foreign authors should be protected in a right to assign American book rights separately from world rights has been raised in the press by Dr. J. Gresham Machen of the Westminster Theological Seminary, and as the subject is of general interest to authors, the public, and the book trade, I venture to offer some comments as one who has tried to follow the dissensions in the long months of evolution of the submitted bill.

As far as I can find all countries expect that authors or owners of copyright can assign divided rights. Practical experience has shown that this is a very great advantage to the author in reaching his markets. He may want to give serial rights to one firm, book rights to another, movie rights to another, or again he may want to give movie rights with a limit of ten years, or still again, and here we come to geographical assignments, he may want to give British rights to one firm, Canadian to another, and rights in the United States to a third, etc. I do not think there can be much doubt that the author gets a larger sale that way, if his book is such that it will interest several agents. If more can be marketed we ought, I think, to assume that the public is benefited. If this right of separate assignment is a valuable and natural right the national laws will have to protect an author in that right—he cannot protect himself.

As a matter of fact, nations are quite familiar with these assignment problems. An inventor can have his patented machine authorized in several countries, but it cannot be shipped across the border into competition; a dramatist can give separate national rights for his play, after which companies cannot cross the borders without permission. Such rights of subdivision seem so obvious in other fields that we might apply their application to books with some prejudice in favor of the author of books having the same right and his assignee being protected in the right. The English law says (section 14) that if a work of any kind has copyright in the United Kingdom no book which is copyrighted can be imported in the United Kingdom if printing the book there would have been an infringement. The Customs House carries out the prohibition of importation and, as far as I can find out, the law indicates that there are no exceptions in favor of anybody. It will be noted that this question of right to divided territory is only likely to be an issue between countries of the same language.

In drafting a new American act this principle of copyright was followed, but several exceptions to it were definitely specified. First, writers of books in foreign languages (this applies only to books, not to plays, etc.) will not be able to assign an exclusive American market to anyone (this may not be good international practice, but it is so specified). Second, for works of other countries in the English language it cannot apply to books unless they are printed here, i. e., it applies to about one book in fifteen of those published each year in England. And then, if the English author by his own decision has sold the American rights and the assignee has made an edition here, then: first, no limitation shall be put to importations by any libraries; second, if an individual wants a copy, he has to ask the permission of that party who, in good faith, is paying the English author for an American market and is starting out to find distribution.

Dr. Machen asks: "Why preserve even this remnant of the right of separate markets?" Probably it was left, first, because if the right is completely unrecognized as applied to books (no one proposes to abolish it as applied to plays, motion pictures, patents, etc.), a principle by which good book distribution is aided will be omitted from our law. Second, the printers of America, who are in reality making this revision possible by withdrawing their insistence on American manufacture to obtain American copyright, certainly do not want to see American publishers handicapped in their natural desire to print editions here for as many books as possible; third, since it is a common principle in copyright, should not the English author expect protection here?

As things are here today, if there is an American manufactured edition of a book in English it cannot be imported for sale after that American edition is completed and on sale; any library or individual can import from an English publisher or bookseller. Under the proposed act, any library can import, but the individual only after he has found out whether an American edition has been manufactured here.

It would be my impression, from reading that paragraph of the proposed act, that Dr. Machen in Philadelphia could, on seeing an announcement of an English book that he wanted, walk into Wanamaker's or Jacobs and find out from the "U. S. Catalog"—plus the quarterly announcement numbers of *Publishers' Weekly*—whether there is an American edition or if one is coming. If he finds that such an edition is already in print and he still prefers to have the English edition, he would, I should think, ask his agent, whether an importing house or bookseller, to get permission to import from the publisher and fill the order. He does not have to do this on books in foreign languages and on only about one book in fifteen from England, and yet by that observance of the English author's unquestionable rights he will help many English authors find an American publisher, for no publisher here can afford to buy unenforceable rights, and he had better give his whole attention to the distribution of books by American authors whose market, of course, will not be infringed. A book published is of little use until it is distributed.

FREDERICK G. MELCHER.

New York City.

The best seller at the moment in Holland is a novel describing the life of a middle-class family during the closing years of the nineteenth century entitled, "De Klop op de Deur" ("The Knock at the Door"), by Ina Boudier. Another book that has achieved much popularity is a biography of William of Orange, by the Director of the Royal Archives, Dr. Japikse.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE AMERICAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION ANTHOLOGY, 1929-1930. Compiled by *Clara Catherine Prince*. American Poetry Magazine.

A GARDEN WITH GATES. By *Harriet Hall Shumaker*. Marshall Jones.

LACONICS. By *E. K.* Ottawa: Overbrook Press.

PRAIRIE WINDS. By *Zoe A. Tilghman*. Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Co.

SCATTERED GEMS. By *Gertrude Lee*. Stratford. $1.50.

AND I SHALL MAKE MUSIC. By *Bessie Lasky*. Liveright.

THIS CAVALCADE. By *David Weissman*. Los Angeles: Primavera Press.

TOM O'BEDLAM AND HIS SONG. By *Arthur Machen*. Appelicon Press.

AGAINST THE GRAIN. By *J. K. Huysmans*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

WILDERNESS. By *Rockwell Kent*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

Sociology

CORPORATION CONTRIBUTIONS TO ORGANIZED COMMUNITY WELFARE SERVICES. By PIERCE WILLIAMS and FREDERICK E. CROXTON. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 1930. $3.

Just now, when corporations as such are under unusual pressure for contributions—this time for aid in the unemployment emergency—it is uncommonly interesting to see this elaborate study of their participation in behalf of the common needs. A new note is undertoning the relations of corporations with the communities in which they live and operate; intensifying realization that their welfare depends upon that of the community and the individuals and families composing it. Not merely the groups or armies of their own employees, but the community as a whole. And it goes beyond a selfish recognition of that fact—there is an increasing sense of responsibility, larger than a merely philanthropic impulse. One may suspect cynically that this is in part anyway a response to the undoubtedly widening effects of "social awareness" on the part of the people generally and the legislation compelling a more "social" behavior on the part of capitalists in their organized entities; or even that individuals thus evade their personal obligations to the community. Nevertheless there is beyond question a growing movement among corporations toward sharing in efforts for the general welfare.

This study, charged with the accuracy and strict objectivity characterizing all the studies under the auspices of the National Bureau of Economic Research, deals especially with and elaborately analyzes the contributions of corporations as such to the war-service organizations, Y. M. C. A., etc.; to the community chests which have grown

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Sociology

(*Continued from preceding page*)

up largely under the inspiration and impetus of that war-time experience, and to certain large philanthropic movements outside the community chests, such as great building funds, national social work organizations, and disaster appeals of the National Red Cross.

Space is not available for analysis of the report; but it leaves the definite impression that corporation contribution to welfare enterprises is becoming an accepted custom both locally and generally; although it is still more or less erratic as to standards of responsibility, impulsive as to method, and, varies greatly as to regional distribution, as well as to distribution among industries and differing classes of business. It is a fine beginning, opening up more questions than it answers; yet offering material for exploration into many aspects of its field.

Murder Will Out

By William C. Weber

Set amid the seething gossip of a New York suburban town Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's "The Moonhill Mystery" (Macaulay: $2.) starts out very well, gets terribly tangled in mid-stream, and winds up in a melodramatic flurry that finally brings the murderer to bay—it being his first, last and only appearance in the book—which ain't cricket. For those who like their mysteries fast, gory, and hard boiled "The Broadway Butterfly Murders," by Tip Bliss (Greenberg: $2.), should prove pretty nearly perfect. Until one reads the next-to-last paragraph on the next-to-last page there is the feeling that again a writer has spoiled an otherwise good yarn by keeping the criminal out of the story until the conclusion. But having read that paragraph one feels like saying with Ole Monahan, the ex-reporter who is suspected of two murders and solves four, "I'm damned if I know." Mr. Bliss stages his story in New York's half-world —some of it quite recognizable. His characters are real—gold-diggers, men-about-town, speak-easy proprietors, shabby lawyers, dicks, and all. It's good stuff. Another good yarn of murder in Manhattan is "The Charming Murder," by Frank Shay (Macaulay: $2.). "Charming" in this case is not an adjective but the name of a fashionable doctor who hob-nobs with bootleggers and runs generally with a very questionable mob. His miscellaneous liquor deals and love affairs get him in the end and with his exit two others make their last bow. To an accompaniment of many drinks, wild parties and gang-land intrigue the tale is told by reporter Holt of the *Glebe* and Lieutenant Doner of the police solves the puzzling but rather far-fetched mystery.

"Diamonds of Death," by Hilda Willett (Longmans, Green: $2), is the old stolen Russian jewel *motif* enlivened by a musical cryptogram, a very deadly villain and villainess, a secluded English manor house that harbors vicious dogs, girls kidnapped for a life of shame, and a cherubic detective who solves the mystery neatly and without any ostentatious display of deductive talent. It is a pleasant, smoothly written yarn, one of those mystery stories that entertains for an hour and is then completely forgotten—even to the title.

"The Murder on the 'Bus," by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Dial: $2), is a murder mystery with a snapper on the end. The murderer appears to fool Inspector Higgins of Scotland Yard, and he completely fools the reader. The story starts with suicide, unusual only because the man who killed himself notified the police by mail before he turned on the gas. Then a man is found dead on top of a London bus. Inspector Higgins determines that the murder was committed from a window of a certain house along the bus route, and searches the house. Who and what he finds there start a chain of events that link the suicide of the first chapter to the murder of the second and follow through shooting affrays, gang feuds, tense moments in the chimney and on the roof of an English country house, etc., to a conclusion that takes your breath away.

Edwin Dial Torgerson, in "The Murderer Returns" (Richard R. Smith: $2), presents a very smoothly written and cleverly constructed mystery of a poisoning in Montreal. The scene, the detectives, and the suspects are all portrayed with an engaging freshness—even to the Chinese cat. Although it leans a bit too heavily toward the scientific side to suit this reviewer, it is, in all, a very satisfying yarn.

Among mystery stories that depend more upon action and incident than detective skill one may safely sample "The Lion and the Lamb," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown: $2), "The Mysterious Miss Morrisot," by Valentine Williams (Houghton Mifflin: $2), and "The Secret of the Creek," by Victor Bridges (Houghton Mifflin: $2). The latest Oppenheim is the eventful tale of a young Englishman who, down-and-out, joins a gang of robbers, is deserted by them on a "job," goes to jail, and at the end of his term finds himself not only a free man but a nobleman. His one idea is to get even with the gang. How he did it is told in the most approved Oppenheim manner, with supercriminals, beautiful but blowzy ladies of the underworld, a heroine as fresh as *morning dew, and unstinted excitement.* Jacqueline Morrisot, heroine of "The Mysterious Miss Morrisot," is a very charming creature — despite her dubious ancestry — and what a lot she has to go through before the villainous murderer and blackmailer who knows the secret of her birth is brought to time by Oliver Royce, impecunious young British journalist. Like all Valentine Williams's books, this is a cut above the average mystery thriller. The characterizations are lifelike, especially that of Harvey Nolan, fed-up American millionaire, and the author takes every advantage of his colorful Paris and Riviera scene. "The Secret of the Creek" is all about a treasure store of plate buried in Cromwellian times, an old book that contained the missing half of a cypher that told where the treasure was hidden, an assortment of criminals who stop at nothing to put the halves of the cypher together, an unobtrusive detective who appears with the evidence at the right moment, and a trio of extremely engaging young Britishers—one girl, two men—who go through all sorts of adventure from shipwreck to burning before the plate is in its rightful hands. Which is a long and breathless sentence, but not a whit more breathless than the story it describes.

Books Briefly Described

FOLK-SONG: A REGIONAL MISCELLANY. University of Oklahoma Press. 1930. $5.

This collection of folk tales, folk poetry, and comment upon folk literature gathered from the Oklahoma region is attractively illustrated, and is a sequel to the first Miscellany published some time ago. This is an interesting and very promising attempt to publish at due intervals the fruits of investigation and discovery in one American region.

CARILLON MUSIC AND SINGING TOWERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. By William Gorham Rice. A Revised and enlarged edition. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1930. $5.

A timely reissue of this book by an authority on the subject, admirably illustrated and brought up to date.

SPAIN: ITS STORY BRIEFLY TOLD. By Catharine Moran, Tutor in the Spanish Royal Family. Boston: Stratford Co. 1930. $2.50.

A simply straightforward history of Spain intended for English readers who, in the opinion of the writer of the introduction, G. K. Chesterton, have been misled by prejudiced Protestant histories current in English.

BETSY ROSS, QUAKER REBEL. By Edwin S. Perry. Philadelphia: Winston Co. 1930. $2.

Story of the life of the woman who is supposed to have made the first American flag, with a good deal of evidence to show that the legend has truth. Written by one of her descendants.

EDGAR ALLAN POE: A High Priest of the Beautiful. By Elisabeth Ellicott Poe and Vylla Poe Wilson. Washington: Stylus Publishing Co., 1731 21st Street. 1930.

A biographical essay supplemented by selected Poe poems and written by two members of the poet's family. It is an attempt to present Poe in a more attractive light than has fallen upon most of his recent biographies, but seems to contain no new material.

The death occurred recently in Kioto, Japan, of Mrs. L. Adams-Beck, who was widely known as a novelist under her nom-de-plume of E. Barrington. Mrs. Beck did her first writing under her maiden name, L. Moresby. Under the name L. Adams Beck she published several volumes on travel in China, Japan, and India. Among her works of fiction were "The Glorious Apollo," a historical novel based on the life of Byron, "The Divine Lady," and "The Splendor of Asia."

The Prix Femina, awarded, as its name implies, by a committee of women, has been bestowed upon Marc Chadbourne for his novel, "Cécile de la Folie."

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The Season's Carol

DICKENS'S "A CHRISTMAS CAROL." New York: Press of the Woolly Whale. 1930. Large folio. 88 pages.

New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1930. Small twelvemo. Two volumes. 250 pages.

DICKENS'S Christmas story has been printed so many times that it needs to be well done to warrant the effort. It is therefore with satisfaction that one can truthfully say that these two editions are in every way—and each in its own way—admirable. A virtue in each is that neither is illustrated!

Mr. Cary's large and sumptuous folio volume is set in Lutetia type—one of the best type faces of recent years. The pages are handsomely proportioned as to size of type, leading, and margins. The element of decoration is supplied by shoulder heads in red, and some very fine and spirited initials by W. A. Dwiggins printed in red also. It is not only a sound, workmanlike volume, but also thoroughly well designed. The only question is as to the title page: it does not seem to possess the amplitude of the text pages.

The chief interest in this volume is, however, in the printing. It is printed on hand-made paper, dampened—the only correct way to print most of the hand-made papers. When so printed, the paper takes the ink in a way which dry printing will never accomplish, even the most careful and expert dry printing. Printing on dampened paper is dead against all the modern conditions of fast presses and dry, warm press rooms, but it is infinitely superior, if hand-made paper is used. It is not easy, but has been successfully done here.

Quite different are Mr. Rudge's two little volumes. Mr. Ward, who designed the volumes, has made use of a new cutting of Baskerville's type face, recently done for the linotype machine. It is a very fine face, typical of the very expert revival of old faces which has distinguished the machine people of late. Two-line type initials in red are the only trace of decoration, but there is a steel engraving of Dickens as a frontispiece to the first volume. An all-rag paper has been used for the printing, and the press work is of the usual fine Rudge quality.

The two exquisite little volumes are bound in full green morocco, with elaborate gold stamping on sides and back, from a well worked out arrangement of typographic ornaments. So fine a binding is not ordinarily put on books issued in the ordinary way, but the result is delightful.

R.

The Current "Colophon"

THE COLOPHON, a Book Collector's Quarterly. Part IV. New York. 1930.

THE latest issue of *The Colophon* not only maintains the average of excellence set by the previous issues, but seems to me to be a number rather unusually interesting it itself. Here is the menu spread for the readers, with some more or less critical comment on each section.

1. Reminiscences of an Amateur Bookbuilder. By Alfred W. Pollard. Designed by Bruce Rogers, and printed by John Johnson at the Oxford University Press. A good, bluff piece of type arrangement, reminiscent of the best of the Riverside Press editions. Set in Bembo, with heads in Caslon Black. A grand title page, with two lines of black letter and a great ornamented French fifteenth century initial P occupying the whole page.

2. A Signature of Hand Made Paper from Dard Hunter's Paper Mill at Lime Rock, Conn. It is good to see paper being made by hand again in America, within a few miles of the last mill to so make it. This sheet is interesting, but not quite the perfect sheet of book paper. However, there's a taste for every paper, and a paper for every taste, and the sheet here shown has exceptional strength of fiber and good color.

3. Baboons. A picture by André Margat. Process reproduction, with the ordinary screen replaced by grain. A superior piece of photo-mechanical reproduction.

4. Some Collectors Read, by Francis Meynell. Printed at the Curwen Press in Janson type. Thirteen representative—and charming — examples of Nonesuch Press pages are tipped in. Variety of typographic treatment in impeccable types shows the versatility of Mr. Meynell's Press under his guidance.

5. A Kipling Problem, by Lloyd H. Chandler. Printed in monotype Garamont by The Harbor Press.

6. A Stephen Crane Letter. Reproduced in facsimile.

7. Hollyhocks, by LeRoy H. Appleton. Colored woodcut from five blocks. A choice print.

8. The First Seven Years, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Printed in Bodoni type by the Pynson Printers, with an initial by Rockwell Kent, and a reproduction of Robinson's "The Torrent and the Night Before," printed by the Riverside Press in 1896.

9. Sermon on Space, by David Greenhood. Printed in Garamond type by Helen Gentry, San Francisco, with several reproductions of old pages.

And, finally, an index to the *Colophon's* first year.

The cover of this number is printed from a design by Donald McKay.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that the future of the *Colophon* will be assured by an adequate subscription to the second year. No profit accrues to anyone from the publication, and it is a journal which America ought to have. I hope that every reader of this column will forward his subscription if he has not already done so.

R.

An Emily Dickinson Catalogue

EMILY DICKINSON. New Haven: Yale University Library. **December 10, 1930.**

AS an example of what enthusiasm and complete absorption in an idea can accomplish, this catalogue is exceptional. For the centenary of Emily Dickinson's birth, the Yale Library assembled an exhibition of her books—one of the first exhibitions to be housed in the new Sterling Library. Mr. William H. McCarthy, Jr., who got the books together, planned, set in type, and printed on the hand press a twenty-four page quarto catalogue of the show. The actual labor of setting the type and printing the sheets was accessory to his ordinary work as a member of the Library staff, to which fact certain minor defects in presswork may be ascribed. The type composition is admirable.

For the catalogue Mme. Bianchi wrote an introduction. The title-page bears a wood engraving of the gardenia, a favorite of Emily's. The binding is in paper boards, the paper a delicate Japanese printed sheet. Seventy-five copies were printed, ten bound as above, and the remainder in paper covers.

Productivity in the scholarly field is a commonplace of library work: it is most unusual to find printing as a flowering of library science. Yet when one considers that without printing there would scarcely *be* libraries, and that the academic gowns and hoods were appropriated from the craft guilds, it seems only fair that the printing press and the book collection should be united. It was the dream of a far-sighted librarian to erect a star-shaped building with the great book collection in the center and the other scholarly activities of a university, including a learned press, in the radiating arms. This was too revolutionary a scheme; but the Yale University Library has at least taken a slight step toward the integration of books and their making by establishing a hand press and fonts of type. That such a departure can be justified is proved by this Emily Dickinson catalogue.

R.

Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association—Anderson Galleries. January 23rd: The libraries of Heyward G. Hunter, of Doswell, Virginia; the

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late William R. Powell, of New York City, and others. This sale includes: Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," in the original parts; a presentation copy of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse"; a large collection of Kipling books and pamphlets, such as a set of Kipling's school paper, "The United Services College Chronicle," "Soldiers Three," with the rejected designs on the wrappers, and a series of the Garden City copyright issues; twenty first editions of Thomas Hardy; Poe's "Raven," New York, 1845; the first edition of Melville's "Moby Dick"; the original manuscript of Bret Harte's "Confucius and the Chinese Classics," with illustrations by the author; "The Royal American Magazine," which contains engraved portraits by Paul Revere; a manuscript of eight stanzas of "The Sphinx," by Oscar Wilde, which varies from the published version; letters and manuscripts by Stephen Crane; two letters of George Washington's offering places in his Cabinet to Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, and to Edward Carrington; and a group of books, portraits, and art object relating to Napoleon. G. M. T.

Mr. C. F. Heartman has announced that the collection of American maps that was to have been sold the tenth of this month under his auspices has been withdrawn. The majority of items included in this proposed sale were purchased as a whole by a private collector for about $10,000.

The fourth part of the *Colophon* is, strictly speaking, a number for individuals interested in typography and private presses. Captain Lloyd H. Chandler does contribute a note on four variants of Kipling's "Light That Failed," which is extremely interesting and well done, and through the courtesy of James F. Drake, a letter of Stephen Crane's is reproduced, while Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson writes on his "First Seven Years" in a delightful fashion, but the chief glory is Mr. Alfred W. Pollard's "Reminiscences of an Amateur Bookbuilder." This essay is splendid in every way: it is written with charm and distinction, and with a degree of modesty that adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the whole. Mr. Pollard is not only a great authority on bibliography; he is so fascinating a writer that even though one may have no idea of typography, one can enjoy his account of his work in designing the catalogues given over to him without realizing that he is actually using technical language of a rather advanced kind. It is because of essays like this that the *Colophon* continues to be successful—the editors have done remarkably well in everything, and the prospect of another year under their guidance is something for which collectors cannot be too grateful. Mr. Francis Meynell's "Some Collectors Read" is a nice, satisfactory account of the origin and growth of the Nonesuch Press—he writes with the care that one would expect from a member of his family, and his essay is excellent. "A Sermon on Space," by David Greenhood, must be reviewed by Mr. Rollins: it cannot be criticized by any lay person. G. M. T.

The Oxford University Press has now added to its list of facsimiles Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" from the first edition published by Edward Moxon & Company in 1865. These facsimilies represent the finest work of their kind, and the constant growth of their number must be regarded with enormous satisfaction. The Swinburne is a lovely book in its present form, and the preface by Dr. Georges Lafourcade in which he gives the history of the poet's work from its beginning, is excellent. Just why it seems reasonable to the selectors of books to be glorified by specially designed limited editions to reprint "Leaves of Grass" unendingly, and to exclude the poetry of all the English poets of the nineteenth century—with the possible exception of Lord Byron—no one knows: Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads: First Series" might well be noticed, and even William Wordsworth did not confine himself wholly to poetical considerations of his neighbors' children. Mr. Bruce Rogers has just shown with particular brilliance what can be done with the somewhat too well known "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (also published by the Oxford Press, and reviewed fully by Mr. Rollins in the *Saturday Review* for the tenth of January), and has given readers as well as collectors a book that can be enjoyed. The Oxford Press must keep on with its efforts in this direction. G. M. T.

One day last June a letter came from a physician. He had been disturbed by the telecall system and by the click-click-click of heels. He admitted he might be more than usually sensitive, but he called our attention to the situation. We remedied the telecall by a diminution of repetition, and we started to investigate heels. After three months of research another physician offered an explanation that any medical man accustomed to hospitals is very sensitive to noises, especially foot falls, in any other place.

As to the staff, their heels were viewed and recorded without their knowing it. Rubber heels counted sixteen, leather fifteen. But of the leather heeled assistants, only three belonged to the reference department. The others were in catalogue and order departments and elsewhere. Of the leather heels only two sets were high.

So much for the census. The next thing was to look up the literature on the subject.

Recourse was had to the printed material. There is a lot in the magazines on rubber heels, heels, shoes, etc. We took some notes. Generalizing from our reading, one might deduce that low heels were better than high, and rubber heels better than leather, in a library.

Finally, it was thought advisable to write to other libraries, as one always does when problems arise, to find their solution. Here is where some of the fellow librarians took the matter jocosely. On August 5 the following perfectly serious letter was sent:

"Amidst the heats of summer the following idea comes to me: what is the practice of libraries with regard to heels? Do your assistants wear low heels or high, are they rubber or leather, do you have any ruling on the subject or even preference? Some doctor in this town was annoyed by the click-click-click of heels when he was looking up some abstruse subject. We are starting to write a little thesis on the subject of heels. What can you do to help me out?"

We quote but one of the replies to our letter:

"When we moved into this building in 1911 we started to furnish rubber heels for all members of the staff, and kept this practice up for a year or two. Perhaps it was the war that caused us to discontinue it; perhaps we stopped before 1914. At any rate, it is safe to say that after an experience of two or three years with the furnishing of rubber heels the New York Public Library in its central building discontinued the practice. We now permit people to wear rubber heels if they choose, or to stand by good old leather if they prefer."

And there the matter rests. Would it be proper to suggest to the nervous physician, "heal thyself"?

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LETTER FROM DOROTHY PARKER TO OGDEN NASH

Chalet La Bruyere, Montana-Vermala, Switzerland, October, 1930

Dear Sir, I trust you will pardon this intrusion of an Old Subscriber
Who used to dabble for a living in rhyme, as well as vers libre,
But has now Got Away From It All, owing to a plethora of intellectuals,
Racquet Club members, players on two pianos, raconteurs, and homosectuals.
I want very much to tell you that were you on an Alp, as I'm,
You would get Ogden Nash's verses though you had to commit arson or m'hy'm.
I little thought, at my time of life, to be anxiously awaiting the New Yorker,
(Although I do not buy it but borrow my friends', thus contributing nothing to the stockholders' exchorquer)
But now it's my whitest hope, for I think you are considerably greater
Than Walter Savage Landor, Walter de la Mare, Walter Winchell, and Walter Pater,
I wish you all successes, in life as in lit'rature,
And I remain your respectful admirer from the very bottom of my coeur.

OGDEN NASH IN REPLY TO DOROTHY PARKER

New York, N. Y., November, 1930

Dear Mrs. Parker—
To hell with the New Yorker's excharcquer
So long as it's sufficiently lined
To pay the undersigned—
Who was terribly fond
Of Big Blonde
And whose mouth with admiration did ope
While perusing and reperusing Enough Rope
And who wishes you would *return to your native shore*
And write a lot more.
How am I ever to express my glee
At getting a letter from you to me?
I was more intoxicated by your encomium
Than at a beautiful chord played by a maestro on an expensive harmonium
I would far rather have your laud
Than a half interest in the business of Henry Faud
Maybe I can smoothe over my rudeness and make everything hunkydory
If I tell you the synopsis I've just thought of for a short story.
It goes like this: There was once a girl named Mary
And the lions didn't roar when she walked by the library.
I myself don't think that is so damn funny
But you never can tell for what kind of thing editors will or won't pay money.
I'm always licked
Whenever I venture to predict
But anyhow here's a dogmatic statement from one who still daren't
Become a parent;
Many an infant that screams like a calliope
Could be soothed by a little attention to its diope.
And now I am sure I have ken up too much of your time
So just let me repeat that after reading your letter I felt and feel sublime
And may I be turned into a Coolidge or a Higgenbotham
If I wouldn't like to thank you personal when you get back to Gotham.

These two "association items" by today's distinguished guest conductors of *The Inner Sanctum* column will serve to herald once again the publication on Thursday, January 15th, 1931, of the long-awaited opus of OGDEN NASH entitled (after twelve editorial conferences and telegrams and letters galore from EDDIE CANTOR, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, OLIVER LA FARGE F. P. A., MILT GROSS, and scores of others) *Hard Lines*.

"I have been following light verse very closely all my life," writes NEWMAN LEVY, *"and* OGDEN NASH *has struck the first new note in years."*

Hard Lines is so excruciatingly funny and so tempting to book-borrowers in whom the sense of humor exceeds the respect for private property that the first review copies have actually been equipped, believe it or not, with chain, lock and key.

It looks like an OGDEN NASH year.

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TWO recent books from Doubleday, Doran that we are glad to have are "Ending in Earnest," a collection of the *Bookman* papers of the perfectly grand *Rebecca West*, and "Big Money" by the in-quite-another-way perfectly grand *P. G. Wodehouse*. Wodehouse is to be kept in reserve for the moments of greatest tragedy in one's life and then to be turned to as a drug. He is so silly that he can take your mind off almost anything. As for Rebecca West, we never met anyone who gave a more pleasurable impression even while they were saying nothing of having a mind that was in full operation, and the way it works is a constant challenge to intellectual dishonesty. Lately what she has written that chiefly interested us was about *Lady Caroline Lamb* and *Lord Byron*. Miss West really hates Byron, for perfectly good reasons, but no one who ever wrote about him has been more eminently fair. Her last paragraph in the essay "Curious Idolatry" in her book is just about the most intelligent thing that has been said concerning Byron for years and years. We smiled slightly upon her picture of Caroline Lamb. We couldn't help it. Caroline Lamb was charming. But if there was ever a fascinating lady designed to make any man into a raving maniac, it was she. We admire Miss West's spirited championship of her. It isn't that there was any particular fault in Lady Caroline Lamb, it is just that she was "possessed." It was a tragedy all round. But let us give you the last sentence of Miss West's judgment of Byron:

> For in spite of all Byron's dreary caddishness, his meanness about money, his pert incivilities, and his disloyalties, it does remain true that he bore the tragedy of his temperament with a brave refusal to be daunted by it which absolves him from the final guilt of not fighting for survival.

We seem to be famous, for surely no one not famous could be the recipient of the several anonymous letters we have received within the last month. Each letter was directed against some particular literary judgment of ours. The first was the perfect example of the foul-mouthed sneak. The second included a sneer at this journal of opinion as well as at ourselves and began by addressing us as if the correspondent knew us. While gregarious we have always had to draw the line somewhere in our friendships and so naturally would not dream of numbering such a person among those with whom we even care to correspond. Strange humanity! We are always passingly interested in these Circean phenomena. We were reading about John Gibson Lockhart the other day. In those days the shoe was on the other foot. We feel nothing but disgust toward Lockhart, which was all he felt for some of the greatest younger writers of his time, Keats and Macaulay happening to be two of them. But now it is not the reviewer who arrogates to himself the privilege of indulging in stupid abuse, it is the reviewer of the reviewer, the critic of the critic, always carefully anonymous. This alien type of mind interests us in the sense that Charles Lamb wished to examine "the gentleman's head." Most remarkable, most remarkable! . . .

We get pleaseder and pleaseder about *Dean Cross* of Yale being Governor of Connecticut, although "pleaseder" is certainly not a word he would have allowed us to use in college. It was good to hear *Chaucer* quoted against the eighteenth amendment! . . .

We discovered the other night that *Robert Benchley* doesn't like Jonathan Swift (though why should he particularly?) and thinks the only good thing in "Gulliver's Travels" is about the Houy—you spell it! About those horses. And he liked only the horses. He didn't like the yahoos. So we got pretty sad about that and he proceeded to go to sleep in his overcoat. . . .

Aldous Huxley has a good essay on Swift in his new book "Do What You Will." Swift was obsessed by the idea of ugly smells and the general sweatiness and malodorousness of humanity. Perhaps his sense of smell was more highly developed naturally than the ordinary human being's. Perhaps it was just part of his general ingrowing bitterness. For if humanity oppressed us with its presence as it did Swift we couldn't go on living for five minutes. Huxley hasn't much patience with it. . . .

Huxley hasn't much patience with a lot of things, but the general lines of his philosophy of life are all right. He has a well-rounded view. He is not transcendental and he is not material. He believes in enjoying the fruits of the earth and at the same time retaining a modicum of reason. The ascetic and the ethereal make him quite furious, and he happens to be one of the most ascetic and ethereal looking people we have ever met. . . .

The world is certainly unbelievably crazy. We were saying so to *Genevieve Taggard* the other evening, or was she saying so to us? No, one or the other of us was saying it about New York. It's true of the whole world though. Quite true. Mostly the unbelievable things happen. We wonder where we ever got the idea in our misspent youth that nothing much happens. We wanted sort of gaudy things, earthquakes, volcanos, a herd of hippopotami walking down Market Street. What we've got since are so much more subtly remarkable. . . .

We were talking to Miss Taggard about the old San Francisco, although we knew it not quite at the same time, and she must have been rather an infant when we were a college graduate. We both recalled, however, those enormous free-lunches that you could get almost anywhere with one glass of beer. And Miss Taggard talked a little of her Hawaiian youth, and we both agreed that Kanakas were swell people, and we ourself told of our first wife's father, a New Englander who went round the Horn to settle in San Francisco and used to live in Honolulu at one time, and say "Ante up, King!" to the King of the Islands. Miss Taggard knows the King's name, but we've forgotten it. It used to be on some stamps we collected as a boy. . . .

When you come to think of it Miss Taggard was a funny one to write a book on *Emily Dickinson;* except that it's such a good book that she seemed to have been elected by the spirits to do it. . . .

Last night someone said toward the end of the evening, "Let's go to Jimmy Durante's!" As it happens we didn't go, but today we picked up an announcement that says that Alfred A. Knopf is publishing on the twentieth of next month a book called "Night Clubs" by *Jimmy the Well-Dressed Man* and *Jack Kofoed*. Well, Jimmy ought to know all about them. At that he nearly stole a title of *Katharine Brush's*, and the funny thing is we remember once taking her to Jimmy Durante's The Rendezvous, where *Gilbert Seldes* used to be head man. Durante started pounding a piano in a Coney Island dance-hall twenty years ago. He's had a battle for his life, and he puts on a greatly humorous battle on the stage or Terpsichorean hustings. . . .

Inviting your attention to the Scotch novelist, *D. K. Broster*, now on the list of Coward-McCann, under Children's Books, with "The Gleam in the North" and "The Flight of the Heron." This is an author we were tipped-off about several years ago by a distinguished American writer. But we couldn't get anybody excited. . . .

We didn't know before that "The Blue Angel" in which appears the marvelously pulchritudinous *Marlene Dietrich*, together with that great actor, *Emil Jannings*, was based on a novel by *Heinrich Mann*. This spring Houghton Mifflin will bring out Mann's new novel, "The Little Town," which is said to be as pagan as "The Blue Angel" is poignant. . . .

At last we come out of our coma in regard to that *Tom Sawyer* business and *St. Nicholas*, owing to a postal received from *John Vinnicum Morse* for which we thank him. We have been in a fog, and shouldn't have forgotten the facts. Mr. Morse reminds us that in *St. Nicholas* from November 1893 to April 1894 there appeared "Tom Sawyer Abroad," illustrated by *Dan Beard*. Of course, of course,—why, we remember reading it in *St. Nicholas* as it came out, and Jim and the lions when they were over the Sahara desert and Tom and Huck were hoofing it for the rope ladder Jim let down from the balloon,—and the crazy balloonist who scared them so,—why, of course. How *could* we have forgotten! . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Lookout

"GO HOME!" said Elizabeth the Queen, when she beheld Sir John Harington, who had followed Essex, kneeling before her contrite and repentant. We may well imagine that all the anger and passion that Lynn Fontanne puts into her role in the play was expressed by the queen, for Sir John records: "I did not stay to be bidden twise; if all the Iryshe rebels had been at my heels, I shoude not have been better speede, for I did now flee from one whom I both lovede and fearede too." But the queen could ill afford to lose the wit of her court, even though his quatrains were at times unseemly, and soon gave "the sweete calme of her specyal forgivenesse." The most complete edition of Harington's epigrammatic writing has just been made available in "The Letters and Epigrams of Sir John Harington, together with The Prayse of Private Life," edited by Norman Egbert McClure, with a foreword by Felix E. Schelling. The University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, publishes this collection of a gay and ironical courtier who kept his head as well as the queen's favor. ($5.)

IMAGINE finding the possible foundations of Leif Eriksson's stone house on an island off Cape Cod, and identifying, from the ancient sagas, the exact localities where the Icelanders first lived on American soil nine hundred years ago! Edward F. Gray, who has written "Leif Eriksson, Discoverer of America, A. D. 1003," adds another vivid page to this chapter in American beginnings. We may follow him over the plains and headlands of Cape Cod as we follow Byrd through Antarctica, viewing the undiscovered country to which Leif Eriksson sailed with his ship, where Thorvald Eriksson died from an arrow shot by the natives, where geographical evidence seems to vindicate the ancient texts. Mr. Gray is a conservative explorer, but his book proves that we are hot on the trail of a mystery that has been veiled for centuries. "Leif Eriksson" is published by Oxford University Press, New York City, at $7.50.

BOOKS on Russia are taking an important place in the publications of the new year, suggesting that public interest in foreign affairs has shifted to the soviet union from India. Practically all the new books deal with contemporary events and hence demand basic knowledge of Russian history for an understanding of changes so radical as the Five Year Plan. For this we recommend "A History of Russia" by George Vernadsky, research associate in history in Yale University, which has already won golden opinions from authorities who examined it since its first appearance in May, 1929. The present work is a revised edition and gains importance by the declaration of Prof. Michael Ivanovich Rostovtzeff that "Mr. Vernadsky is one of the best students of Russian history of the younger generation" . . . "In his presentation the activity of the bolsheviks appears in a new light, as a link in the long chain of tribulations and sufferings of the Russian people." Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., is issuing the new edition at $4.

ONCE men shed tears over the sad story of Atala, dying in the American wilderness: today it occupies an important place in the history of the French nostalgia for the primitive and Chateaubriand's treatment of exile from the romantic standpoint. Prof. William Leonard Schwartz of Stanford University has taken the first American translation of "Atala"—made by Caleb Bingham in Boston in 1802—and reprinted it with the restoration of many original expressions which were deleted because they offended puritan conventions one hundred and twenty-five years ago. This is the first reprint in a collection devoted to the literature and social history of Europe and America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is being issued by Stanford University Press, Stanford University, Cal., at $2.

WHEN Prof. Chandler Rathfon Post of Harvard University prepared to write a short history of Spanish painting, he found so much uncoordinated and even unknown material that he was soon tempted to make a synthesis of the history of painting in all its schools and to interpret the progress and specimens of Spanish painting in the light of the orderly evolution of European art. To achieve this he tramped all over Spain, visiting obscure places to study frescoes and paintings. As a result "A History of Spanish Painting" is a pioneer work, necessary to all students of the subject. Prof. Post says modestly: "Someone had to write the first detailed history of Spanish painting and I have had the temerity to attempt it." But Prof. Post possessed more than temerity—scholarship, judgment, patience and a first-hand knowledge of Spain's treasures. Three volumes are now ready, boxed, at $25. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.)

SWITZERLAND, often regarded as a national unit surrounded by many diverse peoples, is in reality an eloquent example of how individuals and groups of varying nationalities get along well together. This is not a geographical accident, but due to the general participation in civic responsibilities by the whole people. Democracy in America has much to learn from the way it is conducted among the Alpine mountains, and Prof. Robert Clarkson Brooks of Swarthmore College has described this exhaustively and usefully in "Civic Training in Switzerland: A Study of Democratic Life," which has been published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. at $3. "Utopians they are not," writes Prof. Brooks, but he gives full praise to "so stanch, courageous and laborious, so matter-of-fact and yet so idealistic a people." This book deals with every phase of Swiss life.

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